

A Fresh Fill

It's the *freshness* of "Country Life" Tobacco that makes it possible to fill one pipe after another and go on smoking it with undiminished enjoyment. This happy state is ensured by the extraordinary pains taken in the packing of "Country Life," the promptitude with which it is distributed to the dealer, and the rapidity with which the latter sells it.

White Label "Country Life" is a recent variant of the old and original mixture—a little fuller, and also a little cheaper, but of the same high quality and the same characteristic freshness. When next you think of making a change you will do well to try this.

Remember the three strengths and the two prices:

COUNTRY LIFE **1/-** per oz.
(Mild and Medium)

COUNTRY LIFE **10½d.** per oz.
(White Label)



66 **Player's** **Country Life** 99

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

John Player & Sons, Nottingham.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

C.L.S.



Four out of Five are Victims

*Will Pyorrhea claim you, too?
Make Forhan's your aid*

Pyorrhea does not discriminate. Silk stockinged crowds or cotton—all look alike to this sinister disease. Records prove that it has marked for its own four out of every five over forty years of age and thousands younger.

Take heed of Nature's warning—tender, bleeding gums. Or better still, avoid Pyorrhea entirely by going to your dentist regularly and brushing your teeth twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums.

Used in time and used consistently, Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea or checks its progress. Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

FREE Liberal One Week Trial
Tube sent free on request.

Thos. Christy & Co., Dept. 42,
4, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R.J. Forhan DDS
Forhan's Limited
Montreal



SALE CATALOGUE
will be sent post free.

**WE PAY
CARRIAGE**
on all British
Isle orders.

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WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST.,
LONDON, W.8.
Established 1766.

WINTER SALE
BLOUSES & FROCKS
Knitted Suits and Jumpers
Ends Jan. 31st.



One week
more to take
advantage of
the Splendid
Bargains
offered.

SB. 75.

**Smart New Over-Blouse in
Jap Spun Silk.** A most useful
and becoming model, designed
and made in our own workrooms
from an excellent silk. The
Robespierre collar with ribbon
bow, link cuffs, flap pockets in
band which buttons at side are
very attractive features. A wel-
come addition to any wardrobe.
Wonderful value.

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NEW "GLENELTA" HAT IN FEATHERWEIGHT FELT

This improved shape for Country, Motoring and Sports Wear has a slightly drooping brim cut short at back and is wired at edge to withstand the wind and retain its shape. Trimmed faille corded ribbon band and side bow: being very flexible, it rolls up for packing without detriment.

Sizes:—6½, 6¾, 7, 7½, 7¾, 8.

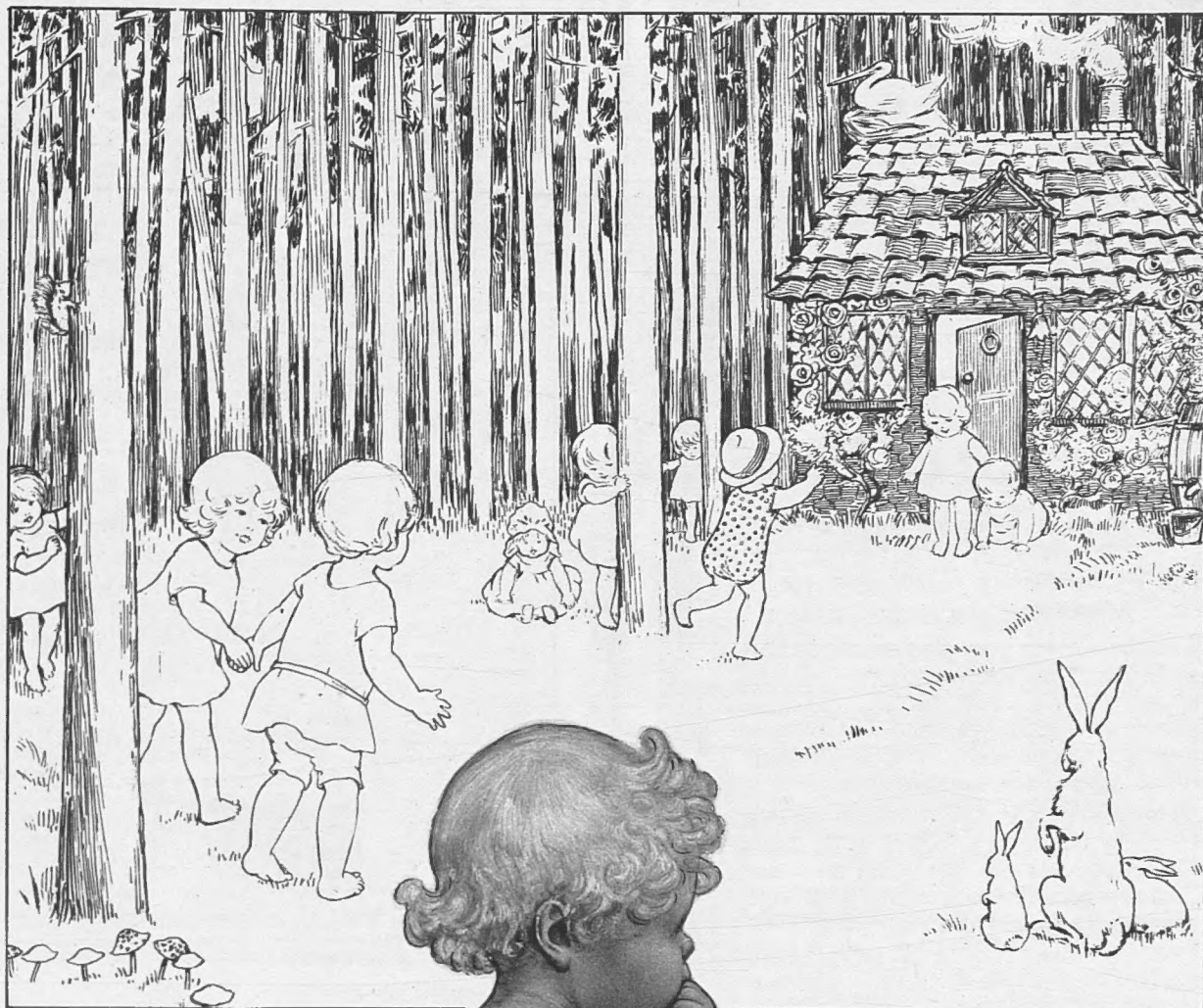
Colours:—White, Pearl, Drab, Silver, Squirrel, Patty, New Champagne, Beaver, Cham-
pagne, Mouse, Castor, Golden Brown, Cinnamon, Hare Brown, Buff, Havana and Black.

17/6

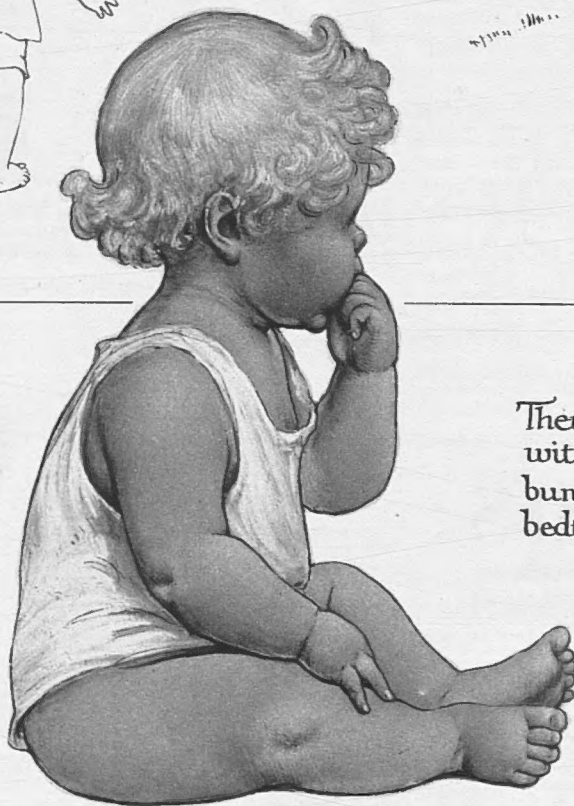
Securely packed and sent post free to any address in the British Isles.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, LTD.,
185, SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

"The House in the Wood"



There's
a house
in the wood
bubbling
over with
babies
From each
window
and door
peeps a wee
downy head,

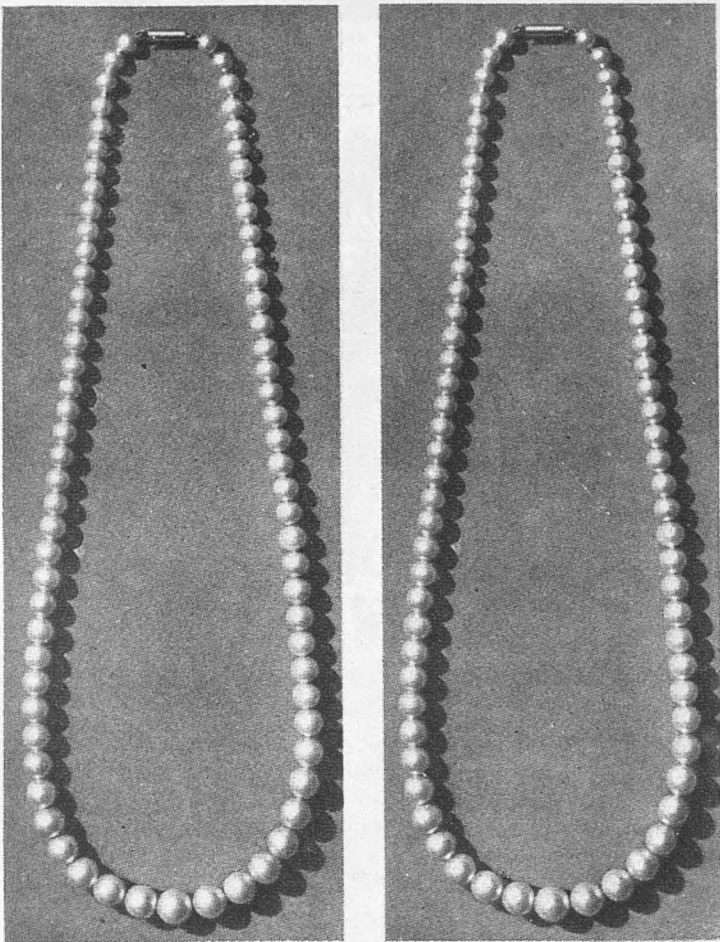


They play all the day
with the birds and the
bunnies: And when
bedtime comes the stork
puts them to
bed—With
his beak very
gently, he
tucks
them in
bed.

Glaxo

The Super-Milk Food

"Builds Bonnie Babies"



Which is the Real?

IN order to prove that **Ciro Pearls** are absolutely indistinguishable from oyster pearls we are exhibiting this week a **Ciro Pearl** necklet side by side with a necklet of real Oriental pearls. If you are able, we invite you to examine them and endeavour to identify which is which. Or, if not able to visit our showrooms, allow us to send you a necklet of

Ciro Pearls

16 inches long, with solid gold clasp in case for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and at your leisure compare them with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference we will refund your money in full.

¶ We have just produced a new handsome booklet, No. 5, which fully illustrates and describes our wonderful range of **Ciro Pearls**. May we send it to you post free?

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 · REGENT · STREET · W.1 · DEPT. 5

48 · OLD BOND STREET · W.1

44 CHEAPSIDE · E.C.2

25, CHURCH ST., LIVERPOOL.

Ciro Pearls can only be obtained at our own establishments—we have no agents.



MONTE CARLO SEEN FROM THE HOTEL METROPOLE.

**HOTEL METROPOLE
MONTE CARLO**

The Centre of all Sports
and Gaieties: Best Food:
Perfect Service: Com-
fort : Tennis : Golf :
Dancing.

*If it's a Gordon
It's the best Hotel.*

**GORDON HOTELS,
Ltd.**

Man. Director : Francis Towle.

**HOTEL METROPOLE
CANNES**

Situated in a Haven of
Beautiful Sunshine:
Tennis : Golf : Dancing :
Unique Cuisine: Perfect
Service.



CANNES SEEN FROM THE HOTEL METROPOLE.

CLOTHES & POCKETS.

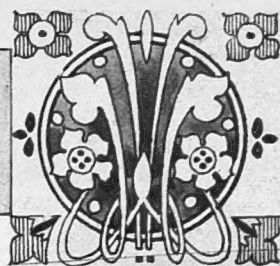
*A
Message
to Man
and a
Booklet
for him.*

IF the cost of your clothes bears too heavily on your pocket—if, at the same time, you will not sacrifice appearance and quality for any saving you might effect, there is one course open to you. Send for the booklet which describes in detail how a first grade suit, made by hand, and equal in all ways to the productions of the most exclusive West-end firms, can be yours for guineas less than you have been paying. Get this free booklet, from

URQUHART & KNIGHT,
259, High Holborn,
W.C.1.



THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1617—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



AN "UNCO'" BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE: MR. IVOR NOVELLO AS THE YOUNG PRETENDER—
IN HIS FEATHERED HEAD-DESS.

Mr. Ivor Novello wears this amazing head-dress of curled ostrich feathers in the title-rôle of the Gaumont film romance, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," now running at the Philharmonic Hall. The feathered

and jewelled head adornment is, it is officially stated, copied from that worn by the Young Pretender when he held his short-lived Court at Holyrood.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chitcol.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ON TREASURE JAUNTS.

SOMEbody is advertising in the "Personal" column of the *Times* for a Sailing-Master.

That sounds simple enough, but what sort of a Sailing-Master? And for what sort of a voyage is he wanted? Listen—

"Sailing-Master wanted for a 110 ton auxiliary schooner yacht; must hold certificate and be fully experienced in deep-water sailing; long voyage contemplated."

Do you sniff the romance in that? Does your blood leap and do your nerves thrill when you read the phrase "deep-water sailing"? If not, you are hopelessly grown up, and this Talk is not for you.

Now, my blood-leapers and nerve-thrillers! What about it? Where are they going? Can't you qualify in time to apply for the job?

They are going a long, long way from England. They are going to some place where there are no fogs, and no politics, and no income tax. They are going where there is no Capital Levy.

They are going to some place with a lagoon, and still water within the lagoon, and rollers outside it, and where the roar of the surf never ceases, day or night.

They are going to an island—a desert island. There will be palms, and cocoa-nuts, and bread-fruit, and they will catch fish every morning in the limpid waters of the lagoon.

They will not be without the comforts of civilisation, either. Most people who visit desert islands do so unwillingly. They are not prepared. They are flung up on the shores of that desert island in a state of insensibility; and they have nothing with them but a bunch of keys, a little loose silver, and a pocket-handkerchief. And they have no ship anchored in the lagoon.

This trip will be very different. The voyagers are evidently people of foresight and experience. They will stock that ship with everything they can possibly require for the rest of their natural lives.

They may come back; but they will be prepared to stay.

They will stock their schooner yacht with cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. They will pick up these things as they go, and they will pay no duty. They will stock her with wines, and spirits, and beer. They may have to pay duty on the beer, if it is English beer; but they will get their wines and spirits for next to nothing.

Clothes. They will want clothes, but not the expensive kind. No dress clothes, for example, and no dress shirts. Nothing starched or uncomfortable. Everything well cut, but loose and easy. Clothes for a life-time, and shoes. Boots for wading, perhaps.

Arms. Revolvers, and rifles, and ammunition. Fishing-rods and tackle.

Books. All the old favourites, bound in limp leather for durability. And lots of other things. The schooner yacht will be low in the water when she turns southward.

All that is over. Nobody is going to be such a fool as to save money for any Government that comes along to collar. Our friends are not going to look for buried treasure.

I am not in their confidence, but I will tell you what I think. *They are going to bury treasure!*

They have turned everything they possess into cash, and they are going to sail away to this desert island, and bury all this cash where nobody can find it but themselves.

They will then wait on events. If all goes well, if the bogey of Capital Levy is for ever scotched—if you do scotch a bogey—they will dig up their treasure and sail home with it. They may not remain at home, but they will want more socks, and possibly some more whisky and cigars.

If things do not go well, if the State takes from those at home their honest savings, then our travellers will never return. They will escape the Capital Levy without renouncing their nationality. They will still have their money and their schooner yacht, and they can pay visits to the nearest civilised mainland when they want to replenish their stores and buy an old copy of the *Times*.

There is just one fly in the ointment. I am sorry to have to point it out, but duty is duty.

Will there be enough desert islands to go round? Because, mind you, this schooner yacht will not be alone on the waters. I can see the southern seas simply choked with schooner yachts, all laden to the gunwale with the goods I have enumerated, and all making for a desert island whereon to bury treasure against a brighter and a happier era.

You keep your eye on the "Personal" column. You will see such a demand for sailing-masters with experience of deep-water sailing as will astonish you.

As for schooner yachts, the prices of small ships in the war were beggarly compared with the sums that will be asked when the fashion for treasure-burying really fastens on the imaginations of those members of the public who have any treasure to bury.

So now you know exactly what to do. Don't waste any more time at your usual job. Learn to sail a schooner yacht and get your master's certificate. Then, when the rush sets in, you will be one of the lucky ones.

And what if the rush never sets in? What if our friends with the schooner yacht have been unduly scared? What if Old England is to remain Old England, four-square to all the world?

Well, in that case your knowledge will still come in useful for those who want to go and dig for the treasure that others have recently buried.

You can't stop enterprise.



COULD YOU DO THIS? MISS KATIE SCHMIDT, AN AMERICAN SKATING EXPERT AT ST. MORITZ.

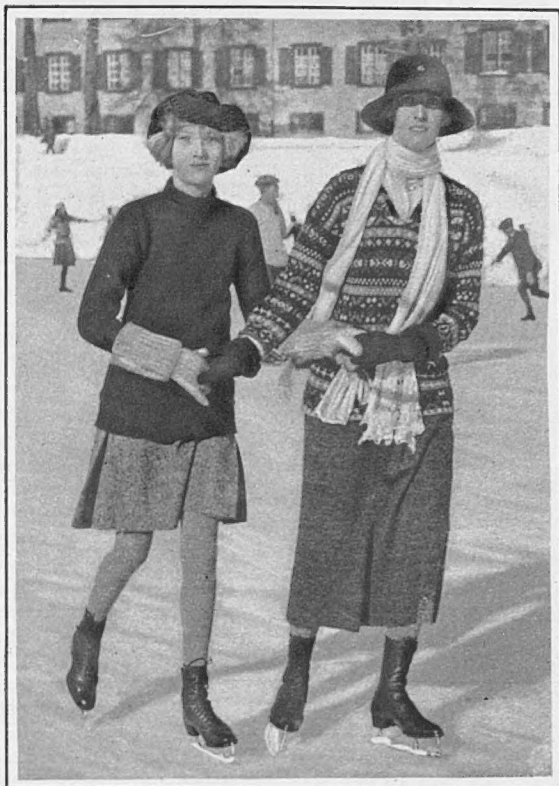
This amazing skating snapshot comes from St. Moritz, and shows Miss Katie Schmidt in a remarkable pose on the rink at this popular Swiss resort.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Why are they going? What is the purpose of this trip? You will say, "To hunt for buried treasure."

I don't think so. What is the good of hunting for buried treasure? You might almost as well work and save money!

"The Sketch" Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design. Full details of this opportunity for artists will be found on Page VIII of this issue.

Society on Rink and Run: St. Moritz Snapshots.



WITH HER DAUGHTER, THE HON. CECILIA KEPPEL:
VISCOUNTESS BURY, ON THE SUVRETTA RINK.



A 'VARSITY WOMEN'S BOB CREW: MISS MONA DOUGLAS, MISS THEA VIGNE,
MISS MARY GORDON, MISS PATSY VIGNE, AND MISS ELVA WALDON.



POSED AGAINST A CHARACTERISTIC SWISS
BACKGROUND: MRS. FORESTER AGAR.



WITH THE HON. MRS. MACNAGHTEN:
COLONEL DUMBLE.



IN HER SKATING KIT:
LADY POYNTER.

Viscountess Bury is the wife of the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Albemarle, and was formerly Lady Judith Carrington. She is the daughter of the first Marquess of Lincolnshire, was married in 1909, and has two sons and two daughters, of whom the Hon. Cecilia Keppel

is the eldest.—Our photograph of a bobs crew of 'Varsity women shows a party of students from St. Hugh's College, Oxford.—Lady Poynter and the Hon. Mrs. Macnaghten are among the well-known Society people who have been at St. Moritz.

Photographs by Alfieri, C.P.P., and Keyserling

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

HOWEVER often one sees the glorious pageant of the Royal Opening of Parliament, it continues to thrill and to impress, not only by its actual splendour, but because its ceremonial is a part of Old England, and a reminder of our glorious history. Some people have been trying to make our blood run cold with tales of what may happen with the advent of Labour to power; but the bogey man with whom we are threatened didn't seem to have alarmed our stately Peers of the Realm



1. Angela has a lovely polar-bear costume for the fancy-dress dance at the hotel. She thinks it is appropriate to the snows of Switzerland. Everyone admires it very much, especially old Mrs. Primleigh, who does like people to go to a fancy-dress dance as something. She is Britannia herself.

and their lovely, jewelled wives, for they all looked as calm and happy as ever.

There was rather a noticeable absence of Duchesses in the Peeresses' Gallery when all the lights in the House of Lords shone out at the King's coming. The Duchess of Sutherland was the only one present—such a lovely figure in her dull-gold crushed lamé, with two long ropes of pearls, her single-stone necklace of diamonds, and the three-fan-shaped diamond tiara which becomes her so admirably.

By the way, it always used to be considered necessary to match one's State dress to the family jewels; but I notice that this fashion has gone out, and that those who wore emeralds did not favour green, but chose peach-pink or gold; while black or mauve was selected by the owners of sapphires, instead of the classic blue.

One of the prettiest of the Peeresses was young Lady Plunket, who wore black chiffon velvet; and others who favoured black frocks were Lady Maud Baillie (a recent bride, who came with her father, the Duke of Devonshire) and the new Lady Leigh.

The departure from the Houses of Parliament always has its light side, as opposed to the solemn pomp of the ceremony, and I heard one remark from Mrs. Asquith which entertained me considerably. "Come along," said that indefatigable lady to her companion, Miss Campbell, "stick close to me; I will show you how to get through a

crowd. I know the way." And so she appeared to; but, then, one feels that there are few things which "Margot" does not know! By the way, when on the subject of the Asquith family, everyone is reading Princess Bibesco's new book, and some are anxiously wondering if it is a *roman à clef*, with characters taken from life. At all events, it is fireworky in its cleverness, and simply bristling with epigrams. How tiring it must be to live in such an atmosphere of wit at all times!

And now to more frivolous subjects. We had a few private dances this week, which made a nice variant to our usual programme of dining at the Embassy, dancing there, and then moving on to Lamb's Club to finish up the evening on that queer circular floor in the gaily decorated room which reminds one of the Continent rather than of London. It is patronised by all the smart young folk, including the world's most popular pair of brothers, who are often there. But, to return to private dances. Lady Farquhar, the widow of Sir Walter, and mother of the present Baronet, Sir Peter, had one for her sons the other Wednesday. She has a girl, too; but fourteen is too young to have dances given in one's honour. The Lowndes Square houses are excellent for entertaining, and Lady Farquhar had arranged plenty of sitting-out places, as well as providing a splendid, specially laid dance-floor. The flowers were lovely—white and wicked-looking green orchids on the ball-room mantelpiece, and red and yellow tulips and fragrant mimosa elsewhere, to remind us that spring is on the way.

Another dance of that same Wednesday was given in Eaton Place by Mrs. Edward Hoare and her sister, Mrs. Hugh Nelson. It was in honour of the latter's daughter, Miss Constance Todd, who wore a pink taffetas gown. The decorations were lilac and pink carnations, and a dinner-party for intimate friends preceded the ball.

To-morrow's wedding is an important one, and Lord Hotham is to give his cousin, Miss Sylvia Hotham away when she marries Mr. Ralph Assheton, of Downham Hall, Clitheroe, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. All the eight bridesmaids are wearing soft hyacinth-blue taffetas frocks, with large bows of lilac silk at the sides to match their lilac bouquets. Then there are plenty of other important brides-to-be whose weddings are fixed for February. These include Miss June Chaplin, whose wedding is to be at St. James's, Spanish Place, on the 6th, and will be followed by a reception at Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's house in Belgrave Square.

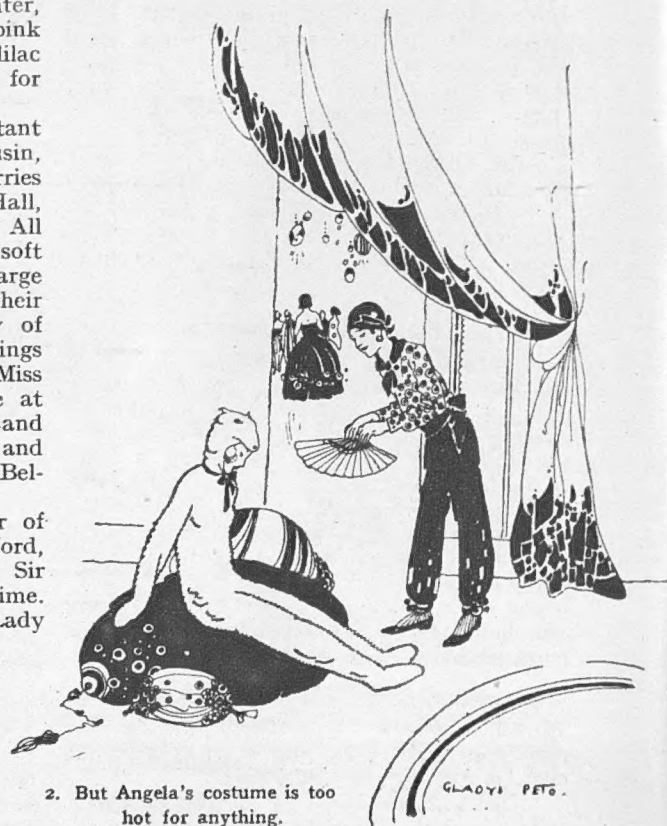
Mrs. Keith Menzies, the lovely sister of the bridegroom, Mr. Rudolph de Trafford, has been staying at Westonbirt with Sir George and Lady Holford for some time. Both Lady Holford's daughters-in-law—Lady Avic Menzies and Mrs. Keith—live with her most of the time, and when in town have their own apartments in Dorchester House. Miss Monica Wilson, Lady Nunburnholme's girl, whose marriage to Lord Winterton takes place in February, has been in town lately at the family mansion in Berkeley Square; but on Sunday, the



13th—she isn't superstitious, you see—she started off to Paris on a shopping expedition.

In everything but the weather there was quite a May morning brilliance about the private view of the Exhibition of Swedish Art at Burlington House the other day. Beetle-shiny cars were parked in neat rows in the quadrangle, and in the galleries there were so many shiny hats and diamond earrings that one felt quite excited. Princess Beatrice, wearing a black cloak and a black hat with a purple feather, was going the rounds, and talking in her deep, clear voice about the pictures. Princess Marie Louise was with her, and Princess Helena Victoria was a later arrival. Women must regret their war-time uniforms, I think, for we refuse to depart altogether from what I heard one man call "communal dressing." Nearly every woman had a long black coat edged with grey fur, and a black, policeman hat stabbed with a slender diamond ornament. Even our jewellery must be slim nowadays! Princess Patricia was one of the exceptions to the black-helmet rule. She had a cinnamon-coloured "bowler" with her long coat, and proved that she looks just as pretty in a small hat as in a big one.

The Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven was there with Princesses Theodora and Marguerita of Greece; and I saw the Swedish Minister and Baroness Palmstierna, he explaining that Stockholm really did have just that wonderful shade of butterfly-wing blue which some of the artists have given it.



2. But Angela's costume is too hot for anything.

But such a crowd of well-knowns—Embassy people, Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Sir Derek and Lady Keppel, Lady Swaythling, Lady Pentland, the Dowager Lady Gosford, Lady Victoria Manners, and the Dowager Lady Boyle, to name only a few.

Quite, as I said before, a May morning crowd. But there wasn't much May morning sunshine about the pictures, which were mainly low-toned landscapes giving one such a sensation of cold and loneliness that I wondered greatly at the Swedish passion for bathing. Nearly every patch of cold-looking lake had its group of bathers. There were some robust-looking peasant women, painted by Zorn, which looked quite familiar because they are the women he has etched so often. There were some interesting portraits of Lady Louis



GLADYS PETO

3. So she flies upstairs, and invents a lovely new fancy dress which does not mean anything much, but is a good deal cooler, certainly. She tears up the fur and dyes it black; it looks more exciting like that.

Mountbatten's family, also by Zorn. Some jolly studies by Carl Larsson, and some interesting wild-life pictures by Liljefors—the birds rather woolly, but giving just the right feeling of wild strangeness. A great many of the pictures were owned by Prince Eugen, who is himself an artist. One of his paintings, "The Old Castle," is very charming, poetic in feeling and lovely in colour.

The Queen has been picture-gazing too. She turned up one day with the Duchess of York to see the George Belcher drawings of London charwomen at the Fine Arts Galleries. I'm sure she would understand them, too.

I went to the new play, "Havoc," at the Haymarket, and saw lots of theatrical celebrities in the audience, including Marie Löhr, who never suggests the footlights on these occasions, and Miss Gladys Cooper, almost hidden by a gorgeous get-up of silver tissue lined with jade chiffon and sewn with grey pearls. The flat which formed the setting for the first and last scenes gave a valuable lesson on how not to do it. . . . Some of us, though we aren't so vampirish in our desires as was the owner of this room, are inclined to be too exuberant with our paint-pots and lacquer!

Thérèse writes me from the Riviera: "We are all very gay; but that condition is a matter of course, for Monte Carlo does not allow one to be anything else.

"The Café de Paris is always crowded, and it is quite difficult to get a table for tea

unless one books it beforehand. Londroff, with his Russian dances, and Paz Santos, the Spanish girl, are a great success; and so is Henry Cahill, with his Yankee artistry. He has a song about syncopation on the brain which I found impossible to follow—owing to my lack of knowledge of the American language. I'm always reminded of Saki's epigram on our U.S.A. cousins on such occasions: 'I hate hearing the Americans speak French; what a comfort it is that they never attempt to talk English!'

"And now to people," continues Thérèse. "The Duke of Connaught is our staple Royalty here, for he is at his villa, which is only a short motor run from Monte Carlo. During the four days I have been here I have seen him three times. One afternoon it was in the hall of the Hôtel de Paris, at tea with Commander and Mrs. Ross—who hail from Canada, I believe—and Lord and Lady Castlemaine; and on another occasion the Royal Duke was dining in the same hotel with Sir Robert and Lady Hudson. The latter (whom you may remember better as Lady Northcliffe) wore what is evidently her favourite dress of the moment, as she had it on a few nights before, when she was one of Sir Arthur Stanley's guests at a big dinner. It is a charming garment, too—I don't wonder that Lady Hudson likes it—of silver gauze embroidered all over in the inevitable hieroglyphic style in black, and with it she favours a grey tulle scarf.

"And as for gambling at Monte. The Sporting Club is still the place after dinner, and all the well-known English congregate there, though there are new and complicated arrangements which entail quite a lot of bother before the admission card is available. It does seem comic that one has almost to 'give references' of respectability before one is admitted to gamble, but that really is about the size of it! All the tables are not going yet, and *trente-et-quarante* is played at far the larger number of those in use. The 100-franc minimum table is always packed. The Duke of Westminster, smoking a cigar with its band on, was playing maximums there the other night; and Commander Melville Ward is generally to be found in the vicinity. Mrs. Dudley Coats, who is looking amazingly young—almost childlike—in spite of two years of matrimony, has taken a great fancy to a corner seat at this table, and plays heavily.

"I went over to Cannes to see the lawn-tennis tournament, of course. The Duchess of Westminster was doing well, and looked most trim and athletic in her white crêpe-de-Chine skirt, tied round the waist with a sash of itself. Her shingled hair kept very tidy, and after her match she put on three coats, so I don't think she will catch a chill! First a black-and-white striped wrap went on, then a white knitted wool, and the two were topped by a blanket-cloth one! The Duke was playing, too, in a 'natural'-coloured sweater which was quite eclipsed by Lord Charles Hope's black-and-white with a V-neck."

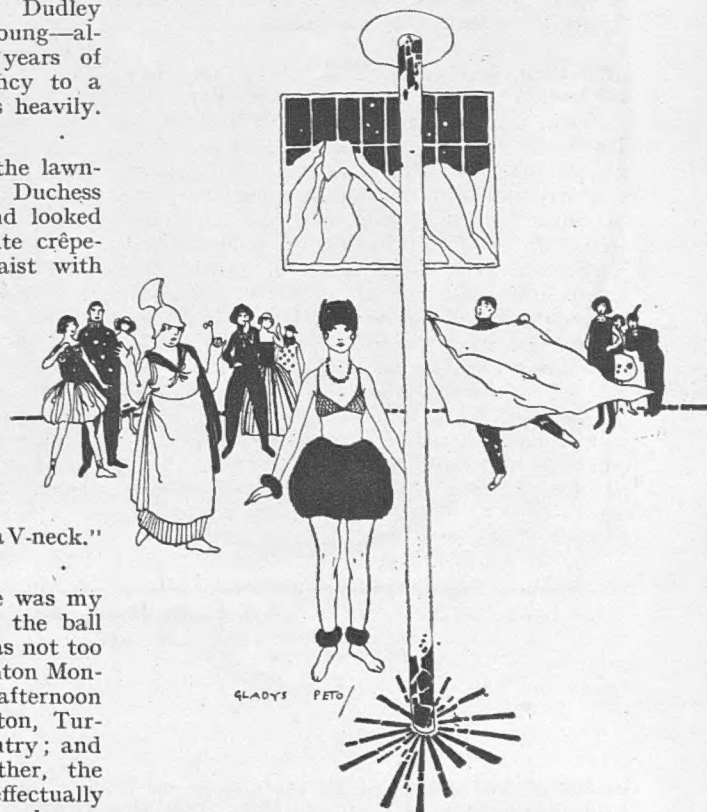
But, for more home news, there was my expedition to "Beaufortshire" for the ball and other gaieties. The weather was not too amiable. After the memorable Bushton Monday came the Tuesday's delightful afternoon gallop in the pleasant Burton, Acton, Turville, and Tormarton piece of country; and after that—the deluge!—or, rather, the snow, which put up the shutters effectually for three days, disappointed the house-parties assembled for the Hunt Ball of their Westonbirt day, and, incidentally, the exchequer of the anticipated windfall from the new cap, which might easily have amounted

to a cool hundred or so, as all "guesting" was to be washed out. Nothing, however, not even the disappointment concerning a certain personage who had been expected, could rob the said Hunt Ball of its go and glory. It positively excelled all records, for numbers, brilliancy, and success. The blend of blue and buff with pink coats always lends this ball an effect not producible elsewhere, and the five hundred and sixty or so who took the floor to the strains of the Clifford Essex Band even found room to dance, so admirable were the arrangements, which included extra annexes. An appreciated innovation was the comforting one of eggs-and-bacon, on call from 1 a.m. onwards.

Next night there was a great party at Westonbirt, to which many of the house gatherings contributed, including the Badminton, Sopworth, Kingsmead, Dauntsey, Sodbury Manor, Seagry and Ladyswood ones. After all this "bubbly" and ball-dancing and bedlessness, the pouring rain that washed away the snow and continued remorselessly throughout a bustling day's hunting at Biddestone was rather revivifying to the jaded. A deep and somewhat desperate country involved no end of grief, and there were murmurs of headaches and numerous early departures; but as hounds were very much on the move, and quick about it, too, we must hope the many visitors got their money's-worth.

One of the dances to which everyone is looking forward is the Fancy Dress Olympia Ball, fixed for February 6. It is in aid of the Nation's Fund for Nurses, and is under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York and Princess Helena Victoria. Olympia's new dancing-hall is one of the finest in London, and is capable of holding 4000 people. The tickets are only fifteen shillings each, so no one can say that it is an extravagance to help this excellent charity by taking a party to the ball; while everyone who goes has a chance of winning one of the prizes, which include a twenty days' cruise in the Mediterranean, seven days at Monte, and a motor-bicycle.

MARIEGOLD.



GLADYS PETO

4. But all the company is terribly shocked by the cool costume. Old Mrs. Primleigh is most disturbed. In the distance one perceives Algy madly running with a cloak to cover up the shame of his wife.

FROM MONTE CARLO AND CANNES:



Mr. Richard Paull
with Captain
& Mrs. F.F. Wessel.

The
Hon. Evelyn
& Mrs. Fitzgerald.



Mrs. Erskine Gill and Miss Gill.



Sir Robert
and Lady Hudson.



Film stars at Cannes:
Gessue Hayakawa, his wife & Miss Ivy Duke.

IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS:

Crowds of well-known people are now on the Riviera, where the season is in full swing. The Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald and his bride, formerly Miss Helen Drury, are a newly married pair who have been at Monte Carlo.—Lady Hudson was formerly Viscountess Northcliffe.—The Duke and Duchess of Westminster both competed in the lawn-tennis tournament at Cannes.—Mrs. Bentinck Budd's pet lemur is greatly admired, and rouses a considerable amount of interest when he appears with his owner on the Terrace at Monte Carlo.—Mrs. Scovell was, before her marriage, Miss Howick, the well-known

WELL-KNOWN VISITORS TO THE RIVIERA.



Mrs. Bentinck Budd & her pet Lemur.



The Duke of Westminster.



Mr. & Mrs. Cosmo Gonsor and a friend (centre)



Lord and Lady Ednam.



Formerly Miss Howick:
Mrs. Scovell & Mr. Scovell.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE CÔTE D'AZUR.

Wimbledon lawn-tennis player.—Lord Ednam is the eldest son of the Earl of Dudley. Lady Ednam was formerly Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, and is the daughter of the fourth Duke of Sutherland. She was married in 1919, and has two small sons.—Sessue Hayakawa, his wife, and Miss Ivy Duke have been staying at a villa near Cannes, working in Stoll's new film, "The Great Prince Shan." The latest picture in which the Japanese film artist is starred is "The Battle."—[Photographs by Navallo, S. and G., P. and A., L.N.A., and T.P.A.]

Weddings, an Engagement, and a Scottish Meet.



MARRIED AT THE ORATORY: MISS OLGA EYRE, SISTER TO VISCOUNTESS CAMPDEN, AND CAPTAIN GEORGE EYSTON, M.C.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. PETER'S: MISS MARY MILLAIS, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS PAINTER, AND MR. SYDNEY H. PITT

Mr. J. W. Buchanan-Jardine is the Master of the Dumfries-shire. Mrs. Buchanan-Jardine is the younger daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton.—Miss Mary Millais is the daughter of the late Sir Everett Millais.—Miss Joan Hunloke is the younger daughter of Major Philip Hunloke, Groom-in-Waiting to his Majesty since 1911.

Photographs by Bassano, G.P.U., Rouch, and S. and G.



THE DUMFRIES-SHIRE MEET AT CASTLE MILK: MISS MARKHAM, MRS. J. W. BUCHANAN JARDINE, COMTESSE DE CARAMAN CHIMAY, MR. RIDER, AND MR. NORTH.



MR. J. S. VERNON, CAPTAIN CUMMING, SIR HERBERT VERNON, MR. H. ST. J. WILLIAMS, MR. H. B. VERNON, MISS E. C. VERNON, MR. W. H. PAUL, MR. AND MRS. VERNON, SIR CHARLES MORTON.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR PHILIP FLEMING: MISS JOAN HUNLOKE (CENTRE), WITH MRS. HUNLOKE AND MR. HENRY HUNLOKE.



Gaiety in
Wales:
Dancers at the
Tenby Hunt
Ball.

MR. BAMFIELD, MISS HARLEY, THE HON. ANNE LEWIS, AND MR. BURGESS.



MAJOR CUNNINGHAME, CAPTAIN V. A. P. STOKES, MRS. VAUGHAN STOKES, MISS ROBERTSON, AND CAPTAIN COLLARD.



GEN. SIR IVOR PHILIPPS, CAPT. J. HOWELL, M.F.H., LADY PHILIPPS, MISS PHILIPPS, CAPT. RONALD LEGATT, MAJ. MIRRLEES, MISS MIRRLEES, MR. STEPHENS, MISS PATERSON.



MR. AND MRS. HUGHES-MORGAN, MISS HUGHES-MORGAN, MR. HADDON HOWARD, AND MR. WILLIAM HOWARD.



A GROUP OF M.F.H.s.: CAPT. J. HOWELL (N. PEMBROKE), MRS. SPENCE COLBY, COL. D. EVANS (BRECON), MRS. H. ALLEN, THE HON. G. COVENTRY (CARMARTHENSHIRE), THE HON. MRS. COVENTRY, CAPT. H. ALLEN (SEYMOUR ALLEN), COL. SPENCE COLBY (OWN).

The Hon. Anne Lewis is the only daughter of the second Lord Merthyr.—Major-General Sir Ivor Philipps, K.C.B., D.S.O., is a brother of Lord St. Davids, and of Lord Kysant, and is a very distinguished soldier. Lady Philipps, O.B.E., was formerly Miss Marion Mirrlees. Our photo-

graph shows Sir Ivor and Lady Philipps' house-party at Cosheton Hall, for the Tenby Hunt Ball.—The Hon. George Coventry is the elder son of Viscount Deerpur, and grandson of the Earl of Coventry. Mrs. Coventry was formerly the Hon. Nesta Philipps.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The Wrong "Ambush."

The other day I came out of a book-shop, and had Conrad's latest book, "The Rover," with its picture cover of the sea and the French coast, and one of Nelson's corvettes, all sails set, under my arm. And a bright-faced Cockney boy, walking alongside me for a few yards, looked at that cover and saw also the bold lettering of the title, "The Rover." Then he looked up at me and said, "I bet that's a good book, Mister."

I was in a hurry, and gave only a hurried reply; but I have wondered since if that small boy, influenced by the title, took "The Rover" to be a tale of "derring-do" of the kind most boys love. I have wondered, too, if the average schoolboy reads Conrad, or is up to him.

What this boy said reminded me of a youngster home from Harrow who, asked to select the play he would like to see, chose that compelling, but not sweetly romantic play, "Ambush," and was disappointed because it was nothing like "Treasure Island" or "The Blue Lagoon."

However, Mr. Arthur Bouchier is quite certain that the youngsters take to his production of "Treasure Island." He is telling—or rather, an amused mother wrote to tell him—of one small son who had been taken to see the play, and took much persuading that night to go to bed.

And when he was saying his prayers his mother was startled to hear this variation, "Lead us not into temptation—yo ho ho and a bottle of rum."

Lady Astor and the Dean. One of the best *mots* recently was that of Lady Astor when Dean Inge turned up late at a luncheon—so late, indeed, that he missed the *hors d'œuvres*, the fish, and the chicken.

A guest sitting near Lady Astor drew her attention to the unpunctuality of the Dean and to the fact that it had cost him his lunch. "No matter," replied Lady Astor. "He is a man of spirit, and seeketh not after the flesh."

When Sir Richard Muir was Stopped. The late Sir Richard Muir had, perhaps, a cold, unflinching manner. Many years as prosecuting counsel for the Treasury had helped to build up such

an exterior—and he appeared against such criminals as Crippen, Stinie Morrison, Seddon; but that was only Sir Richard's court manner. In private life he was a shrewd but kind-hearted man who had won success by exemplary industry. Once after the war he was audaciously deceived by a young adventurer who posed as the relative of a leading public man, but that was only for a very short time. Sir Richard got rather fond of telling that story to his intimate friends.

Once, too, a young policeman at the entrance to the Children's Court at Bow Street stopped him as he entered—on the ground that only those who had definite business in the court were allowed there. However, the magistrate caught sight of Sir Richard as he was turning back, and sent

command can be dramatic or humorous in a polished, most acceptable way. I think I have heard Sir Edward tell more stories that have not become hackneyed than any man I know.

And there is Lord Riddell, who also relies mostly on what comes to him first-hand. And these stories are always the best.

Lord Riddell told a story at the dinner at Claridge's that celebrated the appointment of Mr. Sydney Darg to the editorship of the *Church Times*, a dinner where one friendly speaker, laughingly enumerating Mr. Darg's various qualities, said, "He never by any chance closed a door or turned out a light."

Lord Riddell's story was of a President of the Royal College of Physicians who

congratulated him on a speech he had made, and said he wanted to send him a book as a souvenir of the occasion. The book came. "Its title," observed Lord Riddell, "was 'How to Avoid Senility.'"

"I thought things over, and decided that my best plan was to send the book to an old lady of my acquaintance, a lady eighty-seven years of age. I knew she was interested in medicine, because she thought herself to be suffering from eight different ailments, and for each ailment she had a specialist in more or less regular attendance.

"After a time a letter came to me from a son of the old lady. He said his mother was much interested in the book. Since reading it she was convinced that she was suffering from a further five dis-

eases, and had arranged for five fresh specialists."

Lord Dewar's stories are many of them to do with big-game hunting. Nearly every year he goes to Nairobi looking for lion.

One of his latest stories is about a Manchester business man who paid a visit to a planter friend in Uganda, a keen sportsman. With misgiving, the visitor allowed himself to be taken out lion-hunting. His first night was a sleepless one. Next morning the two friends started out early. It was not long before they came upon fresh tracks. "That's a full-grown lion," called out the sportsman enthusiastically.

"Tell you what we had better do," said the Manchester man quickly. "You go ahead and see where he's gone to. I'll go back and see where he came from."

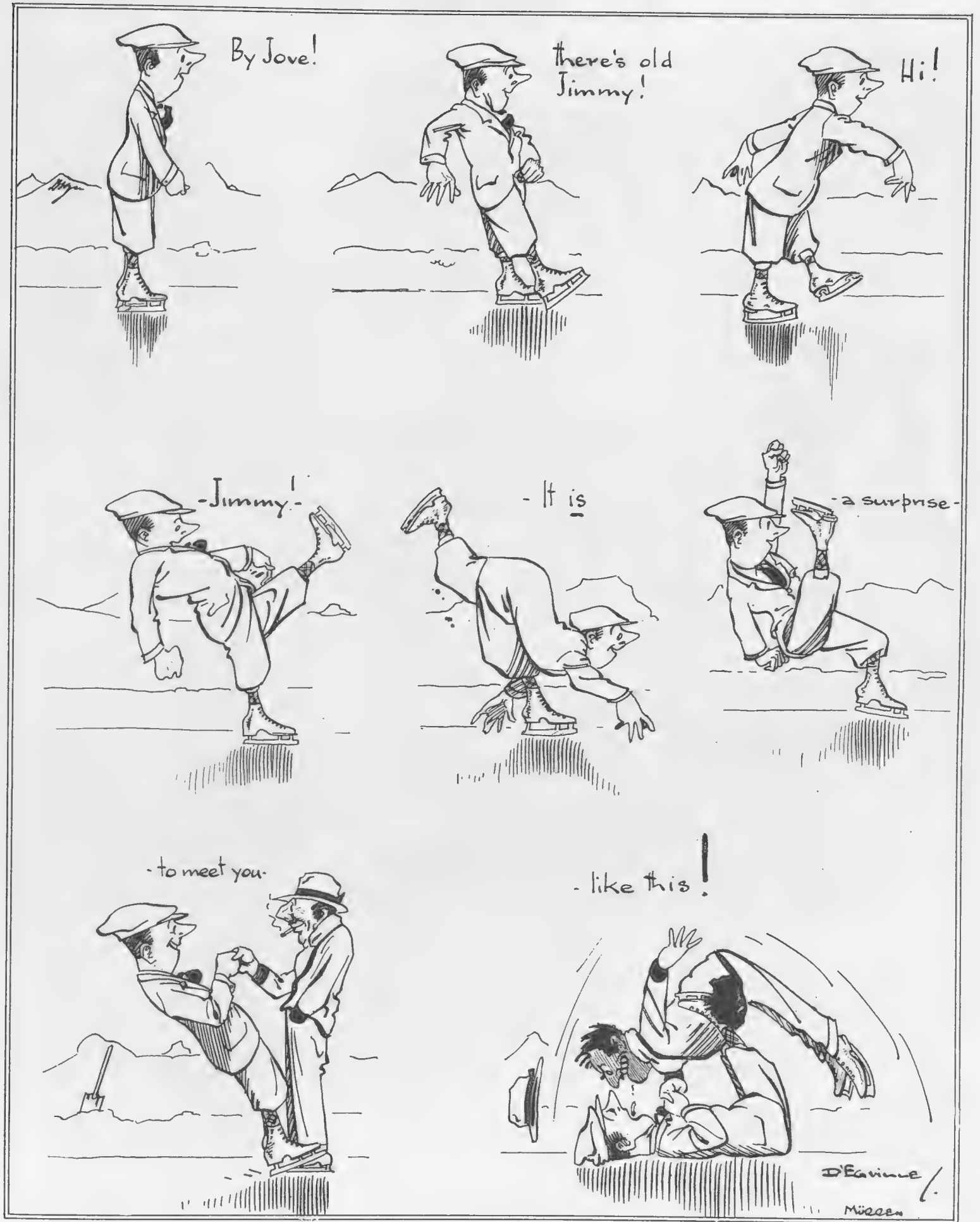


A STUDDY FAMILY: BONZO WITH HIS MASTER, MRS. STUDDY, MISS STUDDY, AND ONE OF THE BONZOLINES.

"Sketch" readers will be glad to see this picture of Bonzo at home with his master and creator, Mr. G. E. Studdy, Mrs. Studdy, and Miss Studdy. It will be noticed that one of the Bonzelines is also a member of the party.—[Photograph by U.P.P.]

word asking him to sit beside him. "I hope my morals will not be corrupted in the Children's Court," said Sir Richard as he took his seat.

The Raconteurs. Who among present-day public speakers tells the best anecdotes? A little while ago Mr. Macquisten, the Scottish barrister not yet back in the House of Commons, might have been credited with that distinction. And there was Mr. Harry Fildes, who sat for Stockport, who told racy stories with a loving detail that added to their effectiveness. He also has lost his seat. In these days Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt probably tells as many new stories as any one. Also there is Lord Dewar; and one man who never fails is Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who draws upon a wide experience, and at



A GRIP ON THE ICE!

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

A Novice in Switzerland.

On the Way to Mürren at last, and more wonderful than one ever dreamt of! How can one ever hope to describe the beauty of it all? The glorious sunshine; skies of a blue I've



"THE SWALLOW" ON THE RINK AT MÜRREN: CAPTAIN DUFF-TAYLOR WITH MISS MARGUERITE NANTON, THE CANADIAN.

Miss Marguerite Nanton, the wonderful Canadian skating expert who is now at Mürren, is the daughter of Sir Augustus Nanton, who has acted as host to the Prince of Wales during his Canadian tours. In our article on winter sports, reference is made both to Miss Nanton and Captain Duff-Taylor.

Photograph by C.P.P.

never seen outside Egypt; the snow-covered mountains and black-green pines in belts clinging to their sides.

As for the journey out, the "Alpine Sports" people arranged everything very well, and a nice person in their uniform met one at Victoria, saw one safely aboard the train, tickets explained; and even had the touching forethought at the last moment to present one with a packet of "Mothersill" in case of "accidents."

Next morning the Swiss frontier is reached, and a longish wait for Customs; then the train winds its way through meadows dotted with fruit-trees and little farms and houses, mostly built of wood, some painted black and white, and all having vivid green wooden shutters to the windows outside. One passes the lovely Lake of Thun, with its pine-covered hills, and soon we are at Interlaken, where we scramble across, laden with dressing-cases, rugs, etc., into the electric mountain railway carriages. As we got higher up, snow was deeper and deeper—pine-trees laden till their heads were bowed down with mushroom shaped loads of white. Then once more we all struggle out, and this time get into a real mountain-climber, that goes right up the mountain side between huge drifts and walls of snow. At the top, just one more change into yet another "electric," and in a few minutes we are at this fairyland of Mürren.

The Trials of the "Improperly Shod." The Palais des Alpes is about fifty yards from the station, up a snow road used for sleighs and luges, as well as by pedestrians, as one soon found out. Those wise people

who knew the ropes had rubber snow-shoes on, or well-nailed boots, and walked up with dignity and comfort; the unwary and ignorant, in ordinary walking shoes, slip and stagger and plunge up the hill in anything but a dignified manner, extremely lucky if they don't fall on their noses, or sit down backwards with a bump! A last plunge at the hotel door, and once safely inside, all is warmth and comfort. Heaps of merry ski parties, just returning half-covered with snow, come tramping in, having shed their skis outside; and skaters who cleverly hobbled to the tea-tables on skates.

A Canadian Expert Skater.

The best thing, if you are woefully ignorant, is to watch others perform on your first day, and learn to walk in your heavy nailed boots, which is not so easy—dodging children rushing along on luges, and skiers learning to walk on those fearsome-looking implements! There's simply heaps to see: first the skating-rink, next the hotel, where there is an open lounge for coffee, and rest for the weary. Here I watched the exquisite skating of a beautiful Canadian girl, Miss Nanton, who looks too fascinating in her simple black velvet dress, lined with cerise, and cerise hat; you can see her picture opposite, though it can't show her wonderful swift grace of movement. Some good men skaters, too. Another Canadian, Wing-Commander Scott, is "some" performer, and so is Captain Duff-Taylor, who "manages" skating and dances. Then it is worth watching the learners in the "Children's Playground" falling about in every possible, and impossible, position, in valiant attempts to learn the art of ski-running.

The Bobsleigh Races.

I scrambled up the hill to see the bobsleigh races. A very good bob-run here, I'm told, and the races were very thrilling to watch, except for one nasty smash, which never ought to have happened. One party lost their heads, or forgot to brake, with disastrous results. At a sharp turn by the winning-post they hit the bank and took it at a bound, as well as any Irish hunter could have done it; then they shot down like a flash into the walls of a house, with a sickening crash, where some wee children were playing, and collapsed on the top of them. One poor mite was badly cut and bruised.

Indoor Delights.

In the evenings there are dances in the fine ball-room, which has a floor second to none in London, and a ripping all-English band—the Revilos; I never danced to a better in England. Of course, the great charm of this hotel is that it's a sort of huge country club: from the beginning of the season until January 20, all accommodation is reserved for members of the Public Schools Club; after then, lots of other visitors come. No one need mind letting their

young people come here unchaperoned; they are well taken care of; and Captain Duff-Taylor, who runs the dances and entertainments, is invaluable in seeing to introductions and finding partners. Sunday evening was *not* dull here—a very good cabaret-concert affair was got up by volunteers. The Hon. Mrs. Ryder played beautifully on the violin; Mrs. Hamilton charmed us all with her songs (how pretty her voice is!); and Capt. D'Egville, that brilliant cartoonist, whose drawings delight us in this paper, gave some screamingly funny "imitations," which fairly fetched the house down.

The Thrills of Ski-Running Races.

Sport, with a capital "S," is the thing here, and an unofficial international ski-running race has just taken place between Swiss and English for the British Ski Association Challenge Cup. It consists of two races—a downhill race and a slalom race. The latter was run here, on the slopes above the hotel—a zigzag course between flags—at break-neck pace. Great cheers for Mackintosh (the Oxford athlete, who played Rugger for Scotland against France), who was first in the hard-snow part of the race; but, losing a ski in the soft snow in the afternoon lap, he lost the Cup, which was won by the great Swiss ski-runner, Gertsch, who won the downhill race at Grindelwald, when he came down 3000 feet in 5 min. 5 sec.

Lord Knebworth, who was third in the British Championship at Adelboden the other day, and won the Kandahar Cup, was fourth. There were twenty-seven starters—twelve Swiss—and the English were very



SKI EXPERT AS WELL AS CARICATURIST: CAPTAIN A. H. D'EGVILLE AT MÜRREN.

Captain A. H. D'Egville's brilliantly clever caricatures are well known to "Sketch" readers, who will be interested to know that he is not only a clever artist, but a first-rate winter-sportsman. He is shown in our photograph demonstrating the jump-turn.

Photograph by C.P.P.

proud that they did so well against Swiss competitors. If Mackintosh had not had bad luck in the last part, this brilliant ski-runner would have won the Cup; whereas he only came out third in the combined results, the places being: Gertsch, 1st; Salvisberg, 2nd; Mackintosh, 3rd; Ford, 4th; Moreland, 5th; Lord Knebworth, 6th.

Rink Grace and Skill: Expert Skaters at St. Moritz.



THE AMERICAN FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPION AND PUPIL: HOWARD NICHOLSON AND MISS CARROLL.



A GRACEFUL AND SKILFUL SKATER: MISS PAULINE CABOT—A DESCENDANT OF SEBASTIAN CABOT.



THE ART OF FANCY SKATING: MRS. WITTE ON THE GRAND HOTEL RINK.



MISS PATRICIA NATHAN, HOWARD NICHOLSON, MRS. W. S. NATHAN, AND MISS DIANA NATHAN.



A MARVELLOUS FLYING LEAP OVER A HUMAN BARRIER: HOWARD NICHOLSON.



EXECUTING A DIFFICULT FIGURE: MISS "TINY," WHO STANDS OVER SIX FOOT.



AN EXHIBITION OF SKILL: HOWARD NICHOLSON AND MISS CARROLL.



THE HON. PHYLLIS BETHELL, LADY BETHELL, AND HON. GRACE AND HON. DOROTHY.

St. Moritz remains one of the most popular winter-sports resorts; and, as our photographs show, some wonderful figure-skating may be witnessed there. Howard Nicholson is the champion figure-skater of America, and is now fulfilling his second season as instructor at the famous Grand Hotel Ice Rink in St. Moritz, the largest hotel rink there. Nicholson had the honour of teaching the Queen of Spain.—

Miss Pauline Cabot, of Boston, U.S.A., is one of the most graceful and skilful of skaters. She is descended from Sebastian Cabot, the great sixteenth-century sailor who was Chief Pilot of England in 1549.—Mrs. Nathan is the wife of Major Nathan, head of one of the biggest coal concerns in China, and her daughters are very pretty and accomplished skaters.—Lady Bethell is the wife of the first Lord Bethell.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1, BY RUTZ; NOS. 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY EDWARD E. LONG.

WILL ANY LABOUR LEADERS' WIVES "COME DOWN"



Mrs. Asquith



Lady Swaythling



The Marchioness of Milford Haven, the Countess of Airlie, & Lady Zia Wernher (centre, 1st), the Marquess of Milford Haven & the Earl of Airlie.



The Countess of Ancaster



The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.



Viscountess Chaplin.



Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Baldwin & Miss Baldwin.

THE GLORIOUS PAGEANTRY OF A STATE CEREMONIAL: ENGLISH

The possibility of a Labour Government, with its necessity for Labour representation in the Upper House, seems a strange thing to contemplate at the great and solemn pageant of the Royal Opening of Parliament, which was, as usual, attended by the Peers of the Realm in their robes of scarlet and ermine, and their ladies in glittering jewels and exquisite gowns. Lady Ancaster is the wife of the second Earl and is an American born Peeress, being the elder daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breeze, of New York.—Baroness Zouche is a Peeress in her own right. Sir Frederick Frankland, tenth Baronet, is her husband; and the Hon. Barbara Frankland is their only daughter, and the Hon. Roger Frankland their younger

TO THIS? PEERS AND PEERESSES AT WESTMINSTER.



Lord &
Lady Plunket



Sir Frederick Frankland,
Baroness Zouche,
the hon. Barbara Frankland,
& the Hon. Roger Frankland.



Baroness Beaumont.



Countess
Cowley.



Lady Carson (l)
& the Countess of Dartrey.



The Hon. Mrs. Wilson Fox,
and Lady Worthington Evans (r).

ARISTOCRACY IN FULL DRESS FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

son.—The Marchioness of Milford Haven and Lady Zia Wernher are the daughters of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby.—Lady Airlie is a daughter of the third Earl of Leicester.—The Hon. Mrs. Wilson Fox, C.B.E., is the youngest daughter of the first Lord Basing.—Lady Chaplin is the wife of the second Viscount, and the daughter of the first Lord Nunburnholme.—Baroness Beaumont is a Peeress in her own right, and is the wife of Captain the Hon. Bernard Edward Fitzalan Howard.—Lord Plunket is the sixth Baron. His marriage to the beautiful young widow, Mrs. Jack Barnato, took place last year.—[Photographs by S. and G., L.N.A., Alfieri, C.N., and T.P.A.]

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc

No. IV.—THE RADIUM THIEVES.

IT was the day after the sensational release of John Halliday from the hands of the Big Four. The scientist had departed for England, but Poirot and I had remained on in Paris. I was all for energetic proceedings of some kind or other, and Poirot's quiescence annoyed me.

"For heaven's sake, Poirot," I urged; "let us be up and at them!"

"Admirable, *mon ami*, admirable! Up where and at whom? Be precise, I beg of you."

"At the Big Four, of course."

"*Cela va sans dire*. But how would you set about it?"

"The police," I hazarded doubtfully.

Poirot smiled.

"They would accuse us of romancing. We have nothing to go upon—nothing whatever. We must wait."

"Wait for what?"

"Wait for them to make a move. See now, in England you all comprehend and adore *le boxe*. If one man does not make a move, the other must; and by permitting one's adversary to make the attack one learns something about him. That is our part—to let the other side make the attack."

"You think they will?" I said doubtfully.

"I have no doubt whatever of it. To begin with, see, they try to get me out of England. That fails. Then, in the Dartmoor affair, we step in and save their victim from the gallows. And yesterday, once again, we interfere with their plans. Assuredly, they will not leave the matter there."

As I reflected on this, there was a knock on the door. Without waiting for a reply, a man stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. He was a tall, thin man, with a slightly hooked nose and a sallow complexion. He wore an overcoat buttoned up to his chin, and a soft hat well pulled down over his eyes.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for my somewhat unceremonious entry," he said in a soft voice, "but my business is of a rather unorthodox nature."

Smiling, he advanced to the table and sat down by it. I was about to spring up, but Poirot restrained me with a gesture.

"As you say, Monsieur, your entry is somewhat unceremonious. Will you kindly state your business?"

"My dear M. Poirot, it is very simple. You have been annoying my friends."

"In what way?"

"Come, come, Monsieur Poirot! You do not seriously ask me that? You know as well as I do."

"It depends, Monsieur, upon who these friends of yours are."

Without a word, the man drew from his pocket a cigarette-case, and, opening it, took out four cigarettes and tossed them on the table. Then he picked them up and returned them to his case, which he replaced in his pocket.

"Aha!" said Poirot. "So it is like that, is it? And what do your friends suggest?"

"They suggest, Monsieur, that you should employ your talents—your very considerable talents—in the detection of legitimate crime. Return to your former avocations and solve the problems of London society ladies."

"A peaceful programme," said Poirot. "And supposing I do not agree?"

The man made an eloquent gesture.

"We should regret it, of course, exceedingly," he said. "So would all the friends and admirers of the great M. Hercule Poirot. But regrets, however poignant, do not bring a man to life again."

"Put very delicately," said Poirot, nodding his head. "And supposing I—accept?"

"In that case, I am empowered to offer you—compensation."

He drew out a pocket-book, and threw ten notes on the table. They were for ten thousand francs each.

"That is merely as a guarantee of our good faith," he said. "Ten times that amount will be paid you."

"Good God!" I cried, springing up. "You dare to think—"

"Sit down, Hastings," said Poirot automatically. "Subdue your beautiful and honest nature and sit down. To you, Monsieur, I will say this. What is to prevent my ringing up the police and giving you into their custody, whilst my friend here prevents you from escaping?"

"By all means do so, if you think it advisable," said our visitor calmly.

"Oh, look here, Poirot," I cried, "I can't stand this! Ring up the police and have done with it."

Rising swiftly, I strode to the door and stood with my back against it.

"It seems the obvious course," murmured Poirot, as though debating with himself.

"But you distrust the obvious, eh?" said our visitor, smiling.

"Go on, Poirot," I urged.

"It will be your responsibility, *mon ami*."

As he lifted the receiver, the man made a sudden cat-like jump at me. I was ready for him. In another minute we were locked together, staggering round the room. Suddenly I felt him slip and falter. I pressed my advantage. He went down before me. And then, in the very flush of victory, an extraordinary thing happened. I felt myself flying forwards. Head first, I crashed into the wall in a complicated heap. I was up in a minute, but the door was already closing behind my late adversary. I rushed to it and shook it; it was locked on the outside. I seized the telephone from Poirot.

"Is that the bureau? Stop a man who is coming out. A tall man, with a buttoned-up overcoat and a soft hat. He is wanted by the police."

Very few minutes elapsed before we heard a noise in the corridor outside. The key was turned and the door flung open. The manager himself stood in the doorway.

"The man—you have got him?" I cried.

"No, Monsieur. No one has descended."

"You must have passed him."

"We have passed no one, Monsieur. It is incredible that he can have escaped."

"You have passed someone, I think," said Poirot, in his gentle voice. "One of the hotel staff, perhaps?"

"Only a waiter carrying a tray, Monsieur."

"Ah!" said Poirot, in a tone that spoke infinities.

"So that was why he wore his overcoat buttoned up to his chin," mused Poirot,

when we had finally got rid of the excited hotel officials.

"I'm awfully sorry, Poirot," I murmured, rather crestfallen. "I thought I'd downed him all right."

"Yes, that was a Japanese trick, I fancy. Do not distress yourself, *mon ami*. All went according to plan—his plan. That is what I wanted."

"What's this?" I cried, pouncing on a brown object that lay on the floor.

It was a slim pocket-book of brown leather, and had evidently fallen from our visitor's pocket during his struggle with me. It contained two receipted bills in the name of M. Felix Laon, and a folded-up piece of paper which made my heart beat faster. It was a half-sheet of notepaper on which a few words were scrawled in pencil, but they were words of supreme importance.

"The next meeting of the council will be on Friday at 34, Rue des Echelles, at 11 a.m."

It was signed with a big figure "4."

And to-day was Friday, and the clock on the mantelpiece showed the hour to be 10.30.

"My God, what a chance!" I cried. "Fate is playing into our hands. We must start at once, though. What stupendous luck."

"So that was why he came," murmured Poirot. "I see it all now."

"See what? Come on, Poirot, don't stay day-dreaming there."

Poirot looked at me and slowly shook his head, smiling as he did so.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly. That is your little English nursery rhyme, is it not? No, no—they are subtle—but not so subtle as Hercule Poirot."

"What on earth are you driving at, Poirot?"

"My friend, I have been asking myself the reason of this morning's visit. Did our visitor really hope to succeed in bribing me? Or, alternatively, in frightening me into abandoning my task? It seemed hardly credible. Why, then, did he come? And now I see the whole plan—very neat—very pretty: the ostensible reason to bribe or frighten me; the necessary struggle which he took no pains to avoid, and which should make the dropped pocket-book natural and reasonable; and, finally, the pitfall! Rue des Echelles, eleven a.m.? I think not, *mon ami*! One does not catch Hercule Poirot as easily as that."

"Good heavens!" I gasped.

Poirot was frowning to himself.

"There is still one thing I do not understand."

"What is that?"

"The time, Hastings—the time. If they wanted to decoy me away, surely night-time would be better? Why this early hour? Is it possible that something is about to happen this morning? Something which they are anxious Hercule Poirot should not know about?"

He shook his head.

"We shall see. Here I sit, *mon ami*. We do not stir out this morning. We await events here."

[Continued on page 173.]



HERCULE POIROT.

Bonzo in Search of His Forefathers.



BONZO FINDS A TRACE OF HIS ANCESTRAL COURAGE IN AN OLD TAPESTRY!

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"Bonzo's Star Turns"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.

The Two Super-Boys of Pantomime.



JACK, OF THE LYCEUM "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK":
MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE.

Miss Sybil Arundale and Miss Clarice Mayne, two of the most famous and attractive of pantomime Principal Boys, are the only two representatives of that enchanting stage creation, the Principal Boy, to be seen in the West End of London this year, as, though there are numerous excellent



DICK, OF THE LONDON PALLADIUM "DICK WHITTINGTON":
MISS CLARICE MAYNE.

productions of "Panto Proper" in Greater London and the Provinces, the Lyceum and the London Palladium are the only two theatres in the West End which are offering pantomime in its classic form for our delectation.—[Photographs by Claude Harris and Stage Photo. Co.]

"Spy's" Daughter for a Lehar Musical Comedy.



THE CHARLOTTE OF THE CAST OF "THE THREE GRACES": MISS SYLVIA LESLIE.

Miss Sylvia Leslie, who is the daughter of the late Sir Leslie Ward, the famous "Spy," whose cartoons of well-known folk were so widely admired, is Charlotte in "The Three Graces," the new Franz Lehar musical comedy promised at the Empire on Saturday next, January 26. Franz Lehar came over himself for the final

rehearsals. The cast is an excellent one, including Miss Winifred Barnes, Mr. Morris Harvey, Miss Vera Freeman, Mr. A. Scott Gatty, and Mr. Johnny Dooley, who has made his reputation as a dancer and comedian in America, but is an Irishman, born in Glasgow.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

A LIVING BOUCHER: LOUIS XV'S "LEFT-HANDED QUEEN."





IN THE NAME-PART OF "MADAME POMPADOUR," AT DALY'S: MISS EVELYN LAYE.

Miss Evelyn Laye is seen to great advantage in the name-part of "Madame Pompadour," the musical comedy at Daly's, and although the rôle of Louis the Fifteenth's "left-handed Queen" is more of a "show part" than a sympathetic one, Miss Laye has a number of delightful songs which she sings brilliantly. Her

appearance, too, in mid-eighteenth century costume is very charming, and, as our photograph shows, it is modelled on the famous portrait by Eoucher, a reproduction of which is seen on the table in our photograph. Other photographs of the production will be found elsewhere in this issue.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

The Slender Silhouette of the Moment.



THE SISTER OF THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON: MISS PHILIPPA WENDELL.

Miss Philippa Wendell—who possesses the fashionable slender silhouette which is the supreme elegance of the moment—is the younger daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendell, of New York. She is

a sister of the Countess of Carnarvon, the daughter-in-law of the late Egyptologist Earl. Miss Wendell is one of the most popular girls in Society, and goes about a great deal.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

Daughter of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.



THE ELDEST OF EARL BEAUCHAMP'S QUARTET OF DAUGHTERS: LADY LETTICE LYGON.

Lady Lettice Lygon is the débutante daughter of the seventh Earl Beauchamp, K.G., P.C., K.C.M.G., and was born in 1906. She has three brothers—Viscount Elmley, who is three years her senior, and the Hon. Hugh and the Hon. Richard Lygon, who were born in 1904 and 1916

respectively. Lord Beauchamp, who was appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1913, resides at Walmer Castle, his official residence. Lord and Lady Beauchamp gave a large reception at Halkin House on the eve of the opening of Parliament.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

A Leaf from Shepard's Sketch-Book.



THE NEW DRESS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY E. H. SHEPARD.

(Continued.)

It was at half-past eleven exactly that the summons came. A *petit bleu*. Poirot tore it open, then handed it to me. It was from Mme. Olivier, the world-famous scientist, whom we had visited yesterday in connection with the Halliday case. It asked us to come out to Passy at once.

We obeyed the summons without an instant's delay. Mme. Olivier received us in the same small salon. I was struck anew with the wonderful power of this woman, with her long nun's face and burning eyes—this brilliant successor of Becquerel and the Curies. She came to the point at once.

"Messieurs, you interviewed me yesterday about the disappearance of M. Halliday. I now learn that you returned to the house and asked to see my secretary, Inez Veroneau. She left the house with you, and has not returned here since."

"Is that all, Madame?"

"No, Monsieur, it is not. Last night the laboratory was broken into, and several valuable papers and memoranda were stolen. The thieves had a try for something more precious still, but, luckily, they failed to open the big safe."

"Madame, these are the facts of the case. Your late secretary, Madame Veroneau, was really the Countess Rossakoff, an expert thief, and it was she who was responsible for the disappearance of M. Halliday. How long had she been with you?"

"Five months, Monsieur. What you say amazes me."

"It is true, nevertheless. These papers, were they easy to find? Or do you think an inside knowledge was shown?"

"It is rather curious that the thieves knew exactly where to look. You think Inez—"

"Yes, I have no doubt that it was upon her information that they acted. But what is this precious thing that the thieves failed to find? Jewels?"

Mme. Olivier shook her head with a faint smile.

"Something much more precious than that, Monsieur." She looked round her, then bent forward, lowering her voice. "Radium, Monsieur."

"Radium?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I am now at the crux of my experiments. I possess a small portion of radium myself—more has been lent to me for the process I am at work upon. Small though the actual quantity is, it comprises a large amount of the world's stock and represents a value of millions of francs."

"And where is it?"

"In its leaden case in the big safe—the safe purposely appears to be of an old and worn-out pattern, but it is really a triumph of the safe-maker's art. That is probably why the thieves were unable to open it."

"How long are you keeping this radium in your possession?"

"Only for two days more, Monsieur. Then my experiments will be concluded."

Poirot's eyes brightened.

"And Inez Veroneau is aware of the fact? Good—then our friends will come back. Not a word of me to anyone, Madame. But rest assured, I will save your radium for you. You have a key of the door leading from the laboratory to the garden?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Here it is. I have a duplicate for myself. And here is the key of the garden door leading out into the alleyway between this villa and the next one."

"I thank you, Madame. To-night, go to bed as usual, have no fears, and leave all to me. But not a word to anyone—not to your two assistants—Mademoiselle Claude and Monsieur Henri, is it not?—particularly not a word to them."

Poirot left the villa rubbing his hands in great satisfaction.

"What are we going to do now?" I asked.

"Now, Hastings, we are about to leave Paris—for England."

"What?"

"We will pack up our effects, have lunch, and drive to the Gare du Nord."

"But the radium?"

"I said we were going to leave for England; I did not say we were going to arrive there. Reflect a moment, Hastings. It is quite certain that we are being watched and followed. Our enemies must believe that we are going back to England, and they certainly will not believe that unless they see us get on board the train and start."

"Do you mean we are to slip off again at the last minute?"

"No, Hastings. Our enemies will be satisfied with nothing less than a bona-fide departure."

"But the train doesn't stop until Calais."

"It will stop if it is paid to do so."

"Oh, come now, Poirot—surely you can't pay an express to stop. They'd refuse."

"My dear friend, have you never remarked the little handle—the *signal d'arrêt*—penalty for improper use, 100 francs, I think?"

"Oh, you are going to pull that?"

"Or rather a friend of mine, Pierre Combeau, will do so. Then, while he is arguing with the guard and making a big scene, and all the train is agog with interest, you and I will fade quietly away."

We duly carried out Poirot's plan. Pierre Combeau, an old crony of Poirot's, who evidently knew my little friend's methods pretty well, fell in with the arrangements. The communication cord was pulled just as we got to the outskirts of Paris. Combeau "made a scene" in the most approved French fashion, and Poirot and I were able to leave the train without anyone being interested in our departure. Our first proceeding was to make a considerable change in our appearance. Poirot had brought the materials for this with him in a small case. Two loafers in dirty blue blouses were the result. We had dinner in an obscure hostelry, and started back to Paris afterwards.

It was close on eleven o'clock when we found ourselves once more in the neighbourhood of Madame Olivier's villa. We looked up and down the road before slipping into the alleyway. The whole place appeared to be perfectly deserted. One thing we could be quite certain of—no one was following us.

"I do not expect them to be here yet," whispered Poirot to me. "Possibly they may not come until to-morrow night; but they know perfectly well that there are only two nights on which the radium will be there."

Very cautiously we turned the key in the garden door. It opened noiselessly, and we stepped into the garden.

And then, with complete unexpectedness, the blow fell. In a minute we were surrounded, gagged, and bound. At least ten men must have been waiting for us. Resistance was useless. Like two helpless bundles we were lifted up and carried along. To my intense astonishment, they took us towards the house and not away from it. With a key, they opened the door into the laboratory and carried us into it. One of the men stooped down before the big safe. The door of it swung open. I felt an unpleasant sensation down my spine. Were they going to bundle us into it and leave us there to be asphyxiated slowly?

However, to my amazement, I saw that from the inside of the safe steps led down beneath the floor. We were thrust down this narrow way, and eventually came out into a big subterranean chamber. A woman stood there, tall and imposing, with a black velvet mask covering her face. She was clearly in command of the situation by her gestures of authority. The men slung us down on the floor and left us—alone with the mysterious creature in the mask. I had no doubt who she was. This was the unknown Frenchwoman—Number Three of the Big Four.

She knelt down beside us and removed the gags, but left us bound; then, rising and facing us, with a sudden swift gesture, she removed her mask.

It was Madame Olivier!

"M. Poirot," she said, in a low, mocking tone. "The great, the wonderful, the unique M. Poirot! I sent a warning to you yesterday morning. You chose to disregard it—you thought you could pit your wits against us! And now, you are here!"

There was a cold malignity about her that froze me to the marrow. It was so at variance with the burning fire of her eyes. She was mad—mad—with the madness of genius!

Poirot said nothing. His jaw had dropped, and he was staring at her.

"Well," she said softly, "this is the end. He cannot permit our plans to be interfered with. Have you any last request to make?"

Never before or since have I felt so near death. Poirot was magnificent. He neither flinched nor paled—just stared at her with unabated interest.

"Your psychology interests me enormously, Madame," he said quietly. "It is a pity that I have so short a time to devote to studying it. Yes, I have a request to make. A condemned man is always allowed a last smoke, I believe. I have my cigarette-case on me. If you would permit—" He looked down at his bonds.

"Ah, yes!" she laughed. "You would like me to untie your hands, would you not? You are clever, M. Hercule Poirot, I know that. I shall not untie your hands—but I will find you a cigarette."

She knelt down by him, extracted his cigarette-case, took out a cigarette, and placed it between his lips.

"And now a match," she said, rising.

"It is not necessary, Madame." Something in his voice startled me. She, too, was arrested.

"Do not move, I pray of you, Madame. You will regret it if you do. Are you acquainted at all with the properties of curare? The South American Indians use it as an arrow poison. A scratch with it means death. Some tribes use a little blow-pipe. I too have a little blow-pipe—constructed so as to look exactly like a cigarette. I have only to blow. . . . Ah, you start! Do not move, Madame. The mechanism of this cigarette is most ingenious. One blows—and a tiny dart resembling a fishbone flies through the air—to find its mark. You do not wish to die, Madame. Therefore, I beg of you, release my friend Hastings from his bonds. I cannot use my hands, but I can turn my head—so—you are still covered, Madame. Make no mistake, I beg of you."

Slowly, with shaking hands, and rage and hate convulsing her face, she bent down and did his bidding. I was free. Poirot's voice gave me instructions.

"Your bonds will now do for the lady, Hastings. That is right. Is she securely fastened? Then release me, I pray of you. It is a fortunate circumstance she sent away her henchmen. With a little luck we may hope to find the way out unobstructed."

In another minute, Poirot stood by my side. He bowed to the lady.

"Hercule Poirot is not killed so easily, Madame. I wish you good-night."

The gag prevented her from replying, but the murderous gleam in her eyes frightened me. I hoped devoutly that we should never fall into her power again.

Three minutes later we were outside the villa and hurriedly traversing the garden. The road outside was deserted, and we were soon clear of the neighbourhood.

Then Poirot broke out.

"I deserve all that that woman said to me. I am a triple imbecile, a miserable animal, thirty-six times an idiot! I was proud of myself for not falling into their trap. And it was not even meant as a trap—"

[Continued on page x



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE FLAME," AT WYNDHAM'S.

SHE was a courtesan; she had a son by an English lord; after years of levity, "the voice of the blood" made her yearn for the child; the father, who had educated him up to his standard, flatly refused to give him up. Then death brought about a temporary reunion; the son himself sought out his mother, found her in a low cabaret, the mistress of a man who lived by his wits and who loved her as she loved him. But suddenly her motherly feelings overwhelm her, and when her son proposes that she shall spend the rest of her life with him, at the price of breaking her *liaison*, there is a terrific scene—the scene of the play—between the two men, and the filial influence prevails. For a time, mother and son stay together in such harmony as their difference in tastes and breeding would allow. Then fate steps in; the boy falls in love with a girl of good family; his nameless parentage, the manners of his mother are an obstacle. Once more "the voice of the blood" is heard—the mother packs her traps and goes back to her despondent lover in Paris.

It is our old friend Coralie again—she who made all Europe weep nearly fifty years ago, when Albert Delpit produced his famous book and play, "*Le Fils de Coralie*."

Times have changed; we do not weep any longer over these filial and maternal tribulations; if we allow our sense of logic to be lulled by the skill of the dramatist, we may feel interested, and the scene between the two men goes certainly home, because it is so well acted; but we feel nothing and are bored, for when we begin to think, then the whole edifice is shaken at its artificial basis and crumbles to pieces like a house of cards. Nor was the ending in tenor with the work of the structure; it was feeble, and evidently written for mere effect—devoid of originality to boot. After the scene in the third act, there was no more to say. All the circumstances, too numerous to relate, pointed to the one possible solution. This son and mother were not fit to live together. His place was in society; hers in the lower regions where she had spent all her days, by the side of her lover. Thus the last act became an excrescence and, I fear, detrimental to the play; for, up till then, it had been exciting in the theatrical sense, and good entertainment.

The acting contributed much to this end. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, striking in stature and darkness of hair, outwardly portrayed the mother to perfection; she had also moments of power; but all too often she inclined to passiveness and indulged in funereal tones which somewhat accentuated the time-worn methods of the play. Acted more simply, the character would have gained in sympathy. The boy of Mr. Ralph Forbes was altogether excellent—all youth, virility, and distinction. It is a most difficult part, because it demands the illusion of a boy handling the great issues of life with a full-grown man's tact and decision. Mr. Sam Livesey as the lover, the *homme d'affaires* type of the Paris nether-world, that lives by its wits, honestly if possible, gave a very fine characterisation. He had the right tone, the calm incisiveness of speech that never became theatrical. We thought of Guirry *père*, and that means an impression, as well as a great compliment. In the cabaret scene, the frankness and freedom of a little English "light o' love," represented by Miss Olive Sloane, created the right atmosphere. She was a

delightful incarnation of the Roman saying: "Since to-morrow we can't, let's live and make merry to-day."

II.

GLADYS COOPER AS PETER PAN.

AFTER the first night there were differences of opinion, as was to be expected. We judge Peter Pan as in former days we judged *La Dame aux Camélias*. The standard performance was that of Sarah Bernhardt, who created the part; so was Nina Boucicault's of Peter Pan. They could not be excelled; and comparisons, inevitable, would always go against the successors until—in the case of *La Dame aux Camélias*, at any rate—it gradually became the habit to judge every impersonation on its own merits, uninfluenced by the classic prototype.



"BETTER LO'ED YE CANNA BE": MISS GLADYS COOPER AND MR. IVOR NOVELLO IN THE FILM "BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE," AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL.

One of the most interesting film productions of the moment is the picture, "*Bonnie Prince Charlie*," now being shown at the Philharmonic Hall. Our photograph shows Prince Charlie with Flora Macdonald on the eve of his departure from Scotland, and recalls the lilting melody of the well-known Jacobite song "Will ye no come back again?"

That is as it should be, for if comparison continued, it might well deter any artist, however gifted, from making the attempt.

So I bided my time to let Miss Cooper settle down—feel her feet, as it were, in the part. And when I saw her I was wholly enchanted. True, I too was driven to comparisons, but they were of a different nature, and tribute to the artist: Paula Tanqueray, Magda, Peter—what a range, what great variety of temperament, what a tax on the imagination of the artist! Yet before my mind's eye they stood as three entities of singular individuality. Not a trace of affinity—this Peter is as far away from the women of Pinero and Sudermann as the Never-Never-Land is from the nursery.

This Peter, wiggled *à la* Nijinski the Faun, sturdy of limb, decisive of gait, yet light-footed as the

ubiquitous bunny, with playful mischief in his eye and a smile boyish and full of roguery; ready for action, to swagger and to fight, but also to protect and to control, is the very figure that normal English boys and girls would see in their dreams. Dash and devilry, gaiety and good-nature, are his keynotes. It is the type of hardy fellow that, grown up, did for England what the "boys" did in 1914. There is never a trace of consciousness in Gladys Cooper's Peter; he is, perhaps, not so eerie as some would wish him, but that is not a fault, it is likely to be a design of conception. Even fairy figures have a right to march with the times, and I, for one, prefer the reading in the vein of "Britons never, never will be slaves" to the artificially supernatural. After all, we may take it that Peter Pan should be seen through the temperament of children; and what greater joy

can there be to them than to behold a Peter who is just like one of themselves? A real tom-boy, all over the place, always on the alert, always ready to play pranks and tricks, never daunted, a little brusque, inclined to crow over his prowess, but with his heart in the right spot, and revelling in his inexhaustible sense of humour.

Gladys Cooper is a delightful Peter, and delightful are the crew of his playmates—Wendy (Miss Maravan), Hook (Franklin Dyall), and Smee (the perennial and evergreen George Shelton). No wonder that young and old at the Adelphi jubilated in laughter and applause. So did I. For Peter pipes us all away to the Never-Never-Land, where it is good to live, albeit only for the brief space of a few hours.

III.

"THE VERY IDEA," AT THE KINGSWAY.

YOU remember the story, for this is a revival. Childless couple; husband rather foolish and rather *en l'air*; wife sighing for a baby. Proposal of obtaining the perfect specimen of humanity by dowering a handsome chauffeur and ditto maid. Of course, when these two marry and have a bonny boy, the mother will not part with her offspring. So it would have been a clear case of love's labour lost if the other young wife had not whispered something promising into the ear of her volatile husband.

There can be but one reason for attempting to infuse new life into this poor little farce, and that is Mr. Donald Calthrop's eugenic power as a comedian who would resuscitate a dead horse by his wonderful vitality, versatility, volubility, verve, and vim. He carries the whole thing off as if it were one long more or less comic dialogue. Only in the third act has he

the invaluable aid of Miss Sydney Fairbrother as a nurse who speaks volumes with a wink. A capital thumbnail, and satirical to a degree. But the rest is Donald Calthrop, about whom people in the *entr'acte* over a cigarette said, "A possible second Charles Hawtrey." That was a sound observation. There is difference in method—ubiquity *versus* Hawtrey's inimitable imperturbability—but the effect is nearly the same. Calthrop's gift is galvanic—a little undisciplined, yet in his eagerness to make things "hum," which means a lot of doing, he keeps the audience in exuberant humour and scores laughter all the way. One would wish him to aspire to higher things. What about Molière? There, in Jepson's capital version of "*Les Précieuses*," with Calthrop as Mascarille, it would form an excellent curtain-raiser and prove a fair test of his talent.

Plays of the Moment, 1924: No. II. "Madame Pompadour."



THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE: MISS MAISIE BELL, AS THE COUNTRY BEAUTY, BECOMES A COURT LADY.

Miss Maisie Bell is now taking the part of Madeleine, the half-sister of La Pompadour, in the new musical comedy at Daly's. She comes to Paris in search of her runaway husband, René, and gets a lesson in how to keep a man's affection by means of elegance of attire—her teacher being the powerful Pompadour, who at the moment does not

know that the man in question is her lover, René. Our photograph shows the transformation of Madeleine, the country beauty, into a Court lady. The part of Madeleine was originally taken by Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, and in our issue of Jan. 9 we published a photograph of her in the part.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: NO. II. "MADAME



LA POMPADOUR "SENTENCES" RÉNÉ TO BE ENROLLED IN HER OWN GUARDS: MR. DEREK OLDHAM (CENTRE) AND MISS EVELYN LAYE (RIGHT.)



THE POET, CALICOT, "DISCOVERED" IN THE CHEST: MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AND MISS EVELYN LAYE.



THE POET WHO BECOMES LA POMPADOUR'S COURT DRAMATIST: MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS CALICOT.

"Madame Pompadour," the new musical comedy at Daly's, shows us the most powerful woman in mid-eighteenth-century France, the Marquise de Pompadour, in an adventure which begins in an inn where she has gone for the night. She lets René, Comte d'Estrades make love to her, but her meeting with him by moonlight is interrupted by Maurepas, the Minister of Police, who reveals who she is. Calicot, the poet, and René both sing a scurrilous verse about her; but La Pompadour takes things with a high hand, arrests them both, and "sentences" the poet to be her Court Dramatist, and René to join her Guards. René is later placed on sentry duty outside her apartments for twelve hours. She bids him

POMPADOUR," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT DALY'S.



AS THE FAMOUS PAINTER, BOUCHER:
MR. FRED PEDGRIFT.



LA POMPADOUR AND RÉNÉ, COMTE D'ESTRADES: MISS EVELYN LAYE
AND MR. DEREK OLDHAM.



"WHO ARE YOU, SIR?": LOUIS XV. (MR. BERTRAM WALLIS) DISCOVERS RÉNÉ (MR. DEREK OLDHAM) IN LA POMPADOUR'S APARTMENTS.

await her in an inner room, and then proceeds to divert herself with the poet Calicot. At this awkward time, however, a young girl arrives, seeking her husband, and the King enters unexpectedly. Calicot is concealed in a coffer, and in the meantime René's presence is effectively explained away by the fact that the young girl who has suddenly come to Court turns out to be not only his wife, but La Pompadour's half-sister. Calicot is allowed out of his place of concealment, the King is appeased, the young couple re-united, and the whole episode dismissed with the Royal comment that the Marquise de Pompadour is a rogue.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co.]

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: NO. I.

A WONDERFUL
IMITATION:
MISS BINNIE HALE
AS MISS EVELYN
LAYE IN
"THE MERRY
WIDOW."



ONE OF THE BURLESQUES IN "BROADCASTING": MISS BINNIE HALE AS MISS JOSÉ COLLINS IN "A SOUTHERN MAID."



THE POWER OF AUTO-SUGGESTION: MR. BURY (REX CALDWELL), MR. GRAVES (ARTHUR CHESNEY), JIM (STANLEY LUPINO), AND LILY (CONNIE EMERALD) (L. TO R.).



THE SHOWMAN BUYS THE PUPPETS FOR THE EMERALD, STANLEY LUPINO, BINNIE HALE,

"Puppets," the new Charlot revue at the Vaudeville, is a thoroughly lively and attractive show, with a variety of scenes, charming music, and a company of brilliant artists. The leading lady is Miss Binnie Hale, the daughter of Mr. Robert Hale, the famous comedian. Miss Hale has already made a name for herself, but in "Puppets" she reveals a genius for laughter-making which has put her in the front rank of the young artists of the day. In "Broadcasting," she and Mr. Stanley Lupino provide a series of imitations of well-known stars, including those shown in our photographs, which could not be bettered for wit, observation, and light-hearted mockery; while in "A Musical Interlude," also illustrated

"PUPPETS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



AN IMPERSONATION OF A FAMOUS REVUE STAR: MISS BINNIE HALE AS MISS BEATRICE LILLIE IN HER LAWYER SONG.



ONE GREAT
COMEDIAN
DISGUISED AS
ANOTHER:
MR. STANLEY
LUPINO AS MR.
GEORGE ROBEY.



SHOW: FAY COLE, REX CALDWELL, CONNIE PAUL ENGLAND, AND NETA UNDERWOOD.



A MUSICAL INTERLUDE: MR. STANLEY LUPINO AND MISS BINNIE HALE.

above, the same two artists are shown as the singer and accompanist of some remote village concert. "Auto-Suggestion," which we also picture, is an entertaining sketch by Stanley Lupino, in which Jim, the hero, is shown suffering from a slight cold. When visited by depressing friends, such as Mr. Graves and Mr. Bury, he becomes rapidly worse; but when he receives a call from the merry Mr. Cherry, he recovers in no time. The revue opens with the scene illustrated above when the Showman, Mr. Stanley Lupino, buys his puppets for the show which he intends giving. It will be remembered that in our issue of Jan. 16 we gave other illustrations of "Puppets."—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co.]



Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.



A RUGGER ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

PERCY PARK was the scrummiest little scrum-half that ever put feet into a pair of football boots. Though very short (he was well under five feet); his muscular development was the counterpart of Carpentier's. He was Apollo-like in the torso, but his lower extremities were just a wee bit on the bow side—because from earliest childhood he had been encouraged to pass the ball out backwards between his legs. He came of a grand old Rugger stock. For was not his grandfather, Sir Hercules Park, the

hero of that never-to-be-forgotten maul in goal of the early 'eighties? At the end of a tussle which lasted one hour and forty-five minutes, this giant of the past, with a superhuman effort, wrenched the ball from the iron grip of the brawny Scot, Sandy McTavish, and touched it down—thus giving England the coveted Calcutta Cup for the second year in succession.

His father, Sir Percival Park, while at Fordbridge, was a Double Rugger Blue, and the only recorded instance of a quadrilateral International—

playing in turn for each of the four sides, by reason of a birth qualification for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The walls of Sir Percival's beautiful home (The Park, Little Parklet, in the county of Parkshire) are literally festooned with caps of the four countries which he so conspicuously represented. Small wonder, then, that Percy from a boy knew not only all about the reverse pass, but the whole game backwards.

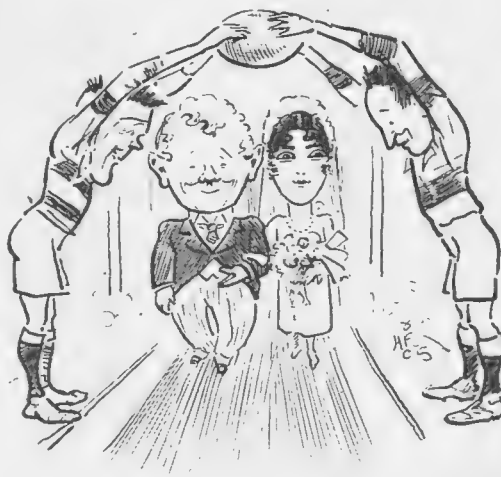
Even the *Daily Drivel*, on a big Cup-Tie Saturday, contrived to find space for a small paragraph about our hero. Their special Soccer expert wrote: "Among those of the handling code, we like the look of Percy Park. He has the rare knack of being able to pass forward or backward, and can pick the ball unerringly from the middle of the tightest scrum. He should go far."

Educated at that splendid nursery of the game, Ruglingtonnupborough, he had always been intended for the medical profession, and it was his parents' firm belief that he would one day rise to great eminence among famous Harley Street specialists. With this end in view, they entered him at St. Clavicle's Hospital, for this institution had turned out, in recent years, by far the largest number of Rugger Internationals. It is therefore as a medical student, with rooms in London, that we find our hero at

the time of the romance which I am now going to relate.

CHAPTER II.

It was a dreadful night, and as Percy stood in the crowd and the pouring rain, waiting for his 323 'bus, he caught sight of



A REAL RUGGER WEDDING.

one of the prettiest faces he had ever seen. And Percy was one who had not as yet shown the slightest interest in the fair sex.

But here was a girl radiantly beautiful; her large, dark, almond-shaped orbs, with their glorious long lashes, thrilled him through and through. He noticed how dainty was her small figure, how *petite* her hands—how completely perfect, in fact, the sweet little lady appeared to be, from her little suede shoes to the rich, raven blackness of her coiffure. When the 323 came along, and with it the scrum for seats, Percy did his best to shield her from the rough jostling of the crowd, and thus together they found themselves at the 'bus step. Just in front of them was a big, boorish youth who had got there regardless of women and children.

"Room for one only!" shouted the conductor; whereupon this huge, mannerless brute shoved his way into the 'bus, leaving her of the dark, almond-shaped orbs to wait in the rain for the next. Percy was furious. "You cad!"

he yelled; at which the great lout rose from his seat, and, shaking his fist, retorted something coarse and unprintable.

The quick departure of the 'bus alone prevented Percy from punching the man's head. However, when the next 'bus came along it was nearly empty, so that Percy could sit and gaze at the beautiful girl opposite until—all too soon—it was time for him

to get out. As he alighted he fancied she gave him, through the window, a look of gratitude—if nothing more. And, consoling himself with this thought, he turned down the side street to his diggings. He must retire early to-night, for to-morrow he was to play his first match for St. Clavicle's against their old Hospital Cup rivals, St. Septic's.

CHAPTER III.

From the very start of the game Percy Park found himself wondering where he had seen that large wing-forward opponent before. Then it flashed upon him. This was the brute that had behaved so caddishly to the beautiful girl on the 'bus. The brute recognised Percy too, for he growled under his breath, "Curse you! I haven't forgotten you. You're for it this afternoon!"

The next second Percy, in an attempt to cut through before passing, suddenly found himself lifted bodily in the air and hurled violently to the ground. He was completely knocked out. So violent was the impact that the ball which he was holding burst into a thousand pieces.

He was carried from the field, still unconscious, and from thence, on a motor-ambulance, to St. Clavicle's. But none felt more genuine concern than Ruby Lypse, the sweet little almond-eyed maiden, who recognised the injured one as her protector of the previous evening. She hurried from the ground, and, hailing a taxi, drove straight to hospital. For this beautiful girl had been a nurse at St. Clavicle's for the past two years.

At the end of three days, when Percy recovered consciousness and saw bending over him that sweet face with the big, dark eyes and luxuriant lashes, it seemed too good to be true.

I need not relate in detail the delicious hours of our hero's convalescence. Love, the best tonic in the world, quickly brought him back to robust health. "Ruby darling," he said to her one day, "I could not love you more, even if you had a 'g' in the middle of your name." To which she laughingly replied, "Percy, my pet, St. Clavicle's could not have a better half; but I will be yours."

And she was. And they lived happily ever afterwards.



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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Lord Long's "Memories."

When I unpacked my weekly parcel of books from *The Sketch* office, and found a large and heavy-looking one entitled "Memories," by the Right Hon. Viscount Long of Wraxall, I must confess that I groaned aloud. I had never heard of Viscount Long of Wraxall, and it is not an inspiring thing to read a lengthy book about the life and adventures of a person of whom you have never heard.

And then I discovered, to my relief, that Viscount Long of Wraxall was none other than our old friend Walter Long of Muzzling Order fame! He must forgive me for saying "of Muzzling Order fame," but that painful duty, courageously and successfully performed, will always be associated with the name of Walter Long in the minds of simple people like myself, who happened to possess dogs at that time, and were responsible for seeing to it that the dogs wore their muzzles in public.

I am sure it was necessary, but it made life more difficult. No sooner had one floated off into a land of imagination, with half-a-dozen characters whose frail lives depended on a mere brain-cell, than there would come an agitated tap at the door and a terrified voice saying, "If you please, Sir, Chris has gone out without his muzzle!" Away went the characters, and away went oneself down the hill and into the village to find the law-breaker before the police led him into a back-garden and fed him on poisoned meat.

I don't know whether that would really have happened; possibly not. But they were days of terror, and everybody who owned a dog said hard things of Walter Long.

His Lordship Defends Himself.

I turned with great interest, therefore, to that portion of the book wherein Lord Long sets forth his side of the case—

"Looking back upon those days," he writes, "it is almost impossible for me to realise how violent was the opposition to which we were exposed. However, as I have said, we were greatly aided by the two cases which occurred at a most opportune time, and by the publicity given to them by the Press. One case occurred in a large town. The dog, as usual, ran amok, and went through a group of small children coming out of school. He bit several of them, and they had to be sent to the Pasteur Institute in Paris. This naturally caused a feeling of horror and dismay among many thousands of people who, up to that moment, had not given much thought to this particular disease, and it gave birth to an insistent demand in many quarters that support should be given

to the Board of Agriculture in its efforts to make the recurrence of so dreadful an incident impossible.

"The other case helped us to meet a very common and seductive criticism. Our regulations were applicable to all dogs, large or small, young or old. The owners of small lap-dogs, almost toothless with age, protested frantically against their pets being subjected to the cruelty of detention, which involved separation from their owners, or that they should be muzzled. At almost the exact psychological moment a case occurred in one of the London hospitals which attracted widespread attention. A nurse, of great experience and knowledge, had a small dog, of which she was very fond. It was

of course, created a great sensation, and disposed once and for all, except amongst the fanatics, of the contention that the old pet dogs were harmless."

The Eighty Thousand.

Despite these cases, no fewer than eighty thousand people signed a petition for Walter Long's dismissal. Masters of hounds and all sorts of individuals who should have known better fought against the order with all their strength and ability, and the excitement became so intense that a very distinguished statesman said one day to our author, "I don't doubt you are right, and that we shall stamp out the disease in time, but I am afraid before that result is achieved we shall have stamped out the Unionist Party."

One supporter, anyway, the attacked Minister had, and a good one too. He tells us that his mother, in her desire to support him, used to parade in her bath-chair up and down the broad drive at Exmouth, accompanied by a whole pack of dogs of all breeds and sizes, and all carefully muzzled.

A Multiplicity of Interests. However, that is quite enough about muzzles, Lord Long stamped out hydrophobia in this country, and for that alone he deserved to become Viscount Long of Wraxall. But he did lots of other things. If you read this book carefully from cover to cover, you will get the impression of an English gentleman of the old school who lived his life to the full. He is fortunate in being one of those people who love to do the things that "everybody" loves. Of Cowes Regatta, for example, he exclaims that this is probably the most delightful week in the whole year. That shows the gregarious instinct. Plenty of people would tell you, with sincerity, that they would rather visit Cowes during any week other than Regatta Week. Such people look at life from their own angle, and doubtless enjoy it; but they are not likely to become Cabinet Ministers or Viscounts. The publicly successful man is the one who swims in the stream.

Everything that English gentlemen do—or used to do—was heartily approved by our author. Harrow and "The House," hunting and cricket, shooting and fishing, dining and electioneering, the House of Commons and the House of Lords, King and Country! Such, in brief, is the record of this typical Englishman. And a good and clean record at that.

Irish Adventures. It must not be forgotten that Lord Long went to Ireland as Chief Secretary. His doings and adventures in that country make stirring reading. His policy was a firm and bold one. "The English," he writes, "have never understood the Irish, and this has been one

[Continued overleaf.]



THE MUCH-DISCUSSED LABOUR M.P. FOR SILVERTOWN: MR. JACK JONES, AS SAVA SEES HIM.

Mr. Jack Jones, who represents the Silvertown Division of West Ham, is one of the most discussed of the Labour Members. He is the General Organiser of the National Union of Workers, and has sat for Silvertown since 1918. He made himself conspicuous at the ceremony of swearing-in of Peers, protesting in a loud voice against "the contempt with which the House of Commons was being treated"—a reference, probably, to the scanty attendance of Peers in the Upper House. When a Conservative Member requested him to be quiet and to stay away if he could not behave, Mr. Jones replied, "I am here by the votes of the people, and I shall be here when you are out of it."

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Sava.

very old and almost toothless. It betrayed symptoms of illness, and she proceeded to tend and nurse it herself. What exactly happened nobody really knows. From such information as reached us, we came to the conclusion that whilst the poor little beast was in a paroxysm of pain she tried to soothe it. Anyway, she seems to have come in contact with its mouth. She received a scratch upon her lip, and in a very short time she died of hydrophobia. This case,

(Continued.)

of the main causes of the failure to govern the country satisfactorily. Here is a case, which actually occurred within my knowledge, which must seem strange to those not familiar with Irish conditions.

"As a result of my policy to insist upon the payment of rents, an incident occurred in a town towards the north which serves to show the effect of firm, determined government.

"A friend of mine who was a large land-agent went into the county town to hold his half-yearly collections. He and his clerk



A WELL-KNOWN LADY RIDER AT ADELBODEN: MISS WINIFRED STRINGER (L.), WITH MISS NANCY MCKENZIE.

Miss Winifred Stringer is well known as a girl rider who breaks and trains horses, and who won on her own Bo Peep at the Chertsey Bank Holiday sports last year.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]

waited for a long time in a room in the hotel without the appearance of a single one of the tenants. After an hour or so had passed he told his clerk to go out into the marketplace, which was thronged with farmers, to ascertain whether they were coming in to pay their rents, as, if not, he would pack up the books and go. The clerk duly returned with the report that the farmers had told him: 'Divil a penny would they pay. They hadn't got the rent.' My friend accordingly told his clerk to pack up while he went across the street to do some business with the local solicitor, who also happened to be the Crown attorney. Whilst my friend was talking to him, the clerk came in and said: 'You'd better come across, Sir; they are all coming in and are waiting for you.' He accordingly returned to the hotel, sat on till late in the evening, and had the satisfaction of collecting every penny that was due."

They were terrified, you see, when they saw the land-agent enter the premises of one of Mr. Long's officers. If it is as simple as all that to govern the Irish, it seems a pity that Mr. Long was not sent there years and years earlier. Much money and many lives might have been saved, and the quiet and modest English could have paid a little more attention to their own affairs.

The Lady and the Bath. Our author, for all his statesmanship, is not above telling a good story now and again. There is a quite pleasantly Irish one of a lady journalist who was sent through Ireland on a bicycle by a London newspaper. On arriving one evening at a country hotel

she asked for a bath, and was told they had every variety of bath—sitting, lying, or shower. The lady said she would have a long bath, followed by a shower.

"Having completed her ablutions in the long bath, she pulled the 'sthring' in accordance with instructions. Nothing happened, so she pulled again. Still no result! After repeating the effort several times, she was startled by hearing a voice from above saying in somewhat hoarse tones: 'I beg yer parrdon, Ma'am, but if ye stood a little more to the westward, I'd hit ye better.'"

It was the boots, ready to defend the honour of the hotel with a can of water.

A Tribute to Kitchener. And so we pass to the Great War, which enables Lord Long to pay a handsome tribute to a man whom it is becoming the fashion to belittle—Lord Kitchener.

"His complete command of the situation, and his unhesitating decision as to the numbers he would require, all served to add to the confidence I had always felt in him, and to make me feel certain that we had the right man in the right place. . . .

"I, of course, saw him frequently after that, and, so far as I know, he was always the same: confident, resourceful, determined, and seemed to be imbued with unlimited faith."

One of the most interesting chapters in this deeply interesting book is Lord Long's account of his service immediately after the war as First Lord of the Admiralty. It fell to him to carry through the reduction in the Navy, both ships and personnel. It was not a gracious or an easy task, but he shouldered it, despite bad health, in the spirit of loyalty which has been his chief characteristic throughout so many years of public life and service.

His contribution to the "Big Ship" controversy must be my last extract:

"Whilst cruising in the *Enchantress*, it was my good fortune to visit all our stations at home, and to inspect the component parts of our fleet. Since I have left the Admiralty I have visited Malta, the headquarters of the Mediterranean Fleet. As the result of my observations I came to the deliberate conclusion that, so long as we intend to maintain a Navy of fighting ships, the 'Big Ship' is of vital importance to the training of both officers and men. It is only in a 'Big Ship,' with its multitudinous duties and immense responsibilities, that training can, at all events until a substitute be devised, be effective. One has only to be aboard a battleship at sea going through exercises to realise how wonderful is the system and how complete is the training."

"Episodes." "E. Jayne Gilbert" is said to be a well-known author who has decided to publish this volume of stories under an assumed name in order that they may receive impartial judgment. Well, that is a notion that many authors have mused upon from time to time; but the agent or the publisher generally steps in and puts the dream to flight with a few practical words on finance. I therefore commend the courage of E. Jayne Gilbert.

In an "Author's Note" she (a lady, I think?) has some very hard things to say about the magazine story. She has often tried to convince editors of magazines, we are told, that a story need not have a plot or a "happy" ending. Another instance of courage. If there is one thing that editors dislike being taught, it is their own business. Jayne must have retired bruised, if not baffled.

Anyway, she has her revenge in this volume. I haven't yet read all the stories, but those I have read would certainly give the editor of a popular magazine furiously to think before venturing to print them.

The first, for instance, tells of an extremely handsome young pianist whose reception by a London audience was not encouraging. (I don't know why musicians always expect—

in fiction—instant success. Nobody else gets it.) He wanders into the street, and is followed by a lady of the pavement. But she has no immoral designs on the young man. She has heard him play, and desires to repeat the experience. So he plays to her and some of her "sisters in misfortune," and gets a good hearing at last.

"The Adventures of Gerry." "What ought I to have been told? The train does not go for five minutes, I believe. You can hang a man in two seconds. Get on, I say—"

"Leonard—what ought I—what can I—the dark stranger stammered, moving his supple hands. 'On his wedding day. Why did I come here? What can I do?'"

"Gerry!" bellowed Joe.

"As professional men—tell him," came from the bearded lips. "He has a right to know."

"I—my name's Clelland—I was assistant at Holmly Lodge twenty years ago. Your Mrs. Dallas died there—Holmly Lodge is a private asylum, Dr. Standish the man in charge."

"Yes," Gerry's eyes were on the girl in green. "Quickly now."

"She—Mrs. Dallas—was a bad case—homicidal. She tried to kill people, the padded room was necessary, and even handcuffs. She—killed herself in the end with her own fingers." He gripped his lean brown throat dramatically.

A pretty tale for a bridegroom about to start for his honeymoon. Still, I think Gerry might have managed better than leaving his poor bride in the hotel! And I don't think any doctor would have confirmed the information over the telephone, the inquirer being a complete stranger to him. And if you read the story to the end you will find that both Gerry and the communicative doctor were a couple of idiots—as I suspected.

Memories. By the Right Hon. Viscount Long of Wraxall, F.R.S. (Hutchinson; 24s. net.)

Episodes. By E. Jayne Gilbert. (A. M. Philpot; 7s. 6d. net.)
The Adventures of Gerry. By Dorothea Conyers. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)



THE AUTHOR OF "SCARAMOUCHE" ON SKI AT ADELBODEN: MR. RAFAEL SABATINI.

Mr. Rafael Sabatini, the well-known novelist, and author of so many romantic novels, is a keen winter sportsman. His works include "Scaramouche," the romance of the French Revolution which created such a sensation when produced at the Tivoli in its film form.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]

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"Fair fa' your honest sonsie face
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race,
Aboon them a' ye tak' yer place
painch, tripe or thairm.
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
as lang's ma' airm."

It's a wise old
custom to

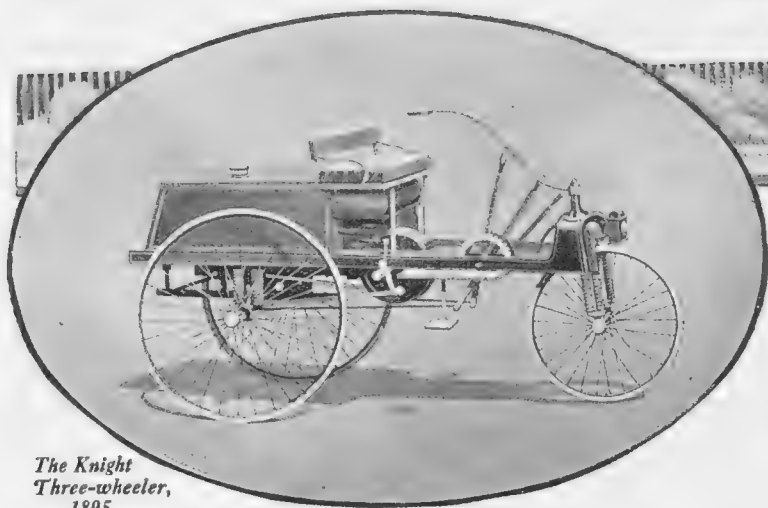
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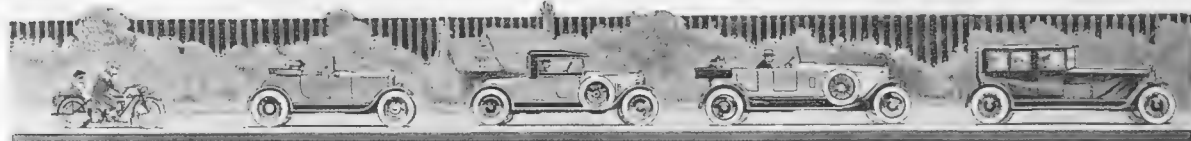
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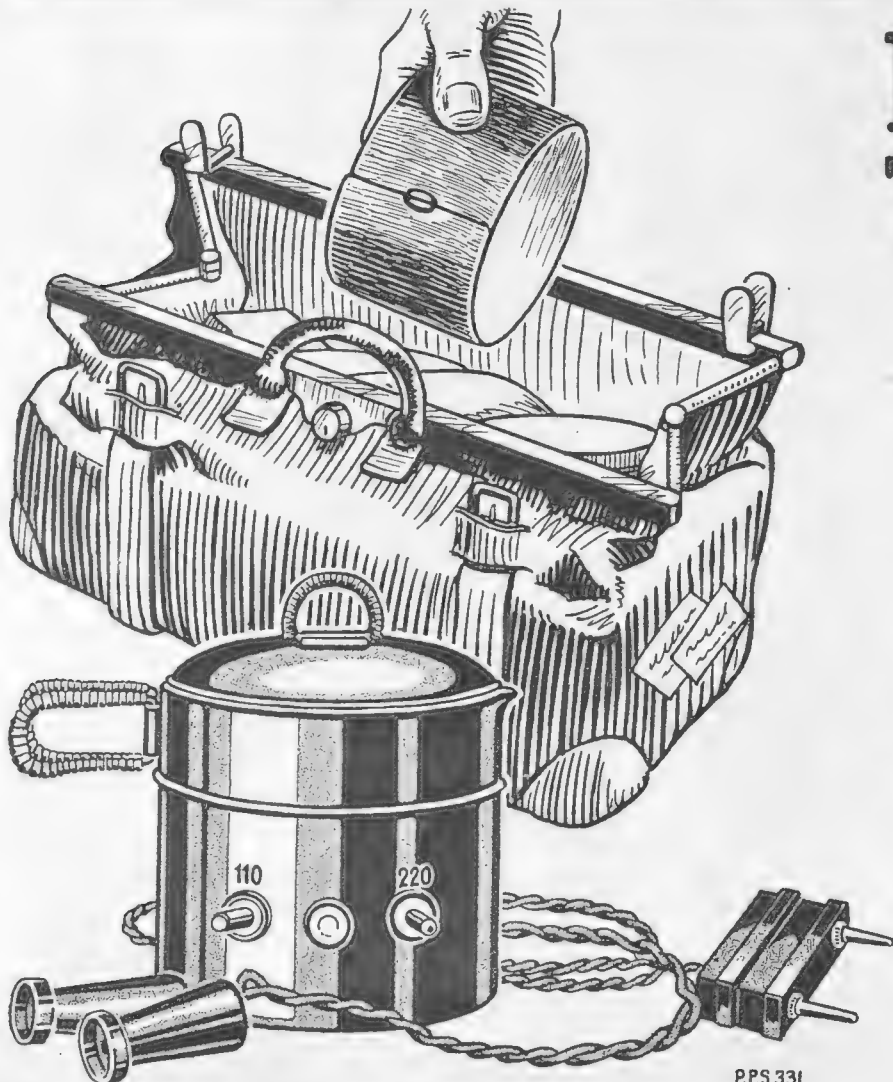
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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Silence and Efficiency.

The British Motor-Cycle Racing Club held their annual dinner some days ago under the presidency of Professor A. M. Low. In acknowledging the toast, proposed by the chairman, of the club and its continued success, Mr. A. V. Ebbelwhite, the chairman of its committee, made a most interesting and serious speech. It was interesting because out of some 240 world's records, all but twenty-four were held by members of the B.M.C.R.C.—a triumph for the British rider. It is true America holds one record for motor-cycles—the five miles with a flying start at 108.68 miles per hour, which was accomplished on Daytona Beach on a straightaway course—but the run was only one way. World's records, as a rule, are not allowed unless the distance is run both ways of the course, and the mean time between the two is given as the record figure. The balancing four-and-twenty records are held by the Italians, and were made at the latter end of 1923 on the Monza track, all of which is very interesting. The serious portion of the speech was that these records were made by the Italians owing to the silencing regulation enforced at Brooklands by a few of the residents in Weybridge. In other words, Mr. Ebbelwhite, who has the best and longest experience of all types of track racing in this and other countries, from his official position as International Timekeeper and Handicapper, intimates that silencing the small motor-cycle engine lessens its speed capacity, so that British prestige is lowered and the industry thereby harmed. Now, it is all very well for one or two writers to try and prove that there is no loss of power and speed if a suitably designed silencer is installed; but it is impossible to fit this on a racing motor-cycle, and it is also doubtful whether the statement itself is correct. Notwithstanding articles which I have read at times, both in technical and semi-technical journals, demonstrating by means of curve diagrams and pretty pictures that silence did not impair efficiency, hard facts in the form of practical racing results have shown that completely silencing an engine does stifle its power—anyway to the extent of losing races which would have been won with an open exhaust. Another serious factor in regard to silencing of machines in this country will be that motor manufacturers and their expert riders, who are the members of the B.M.C.R.C., will migrate from Brooklands to the Continent or elsewhere, and put up their various performances away from this country, which will entail extra expense and lessen the chance

of the trade selling their machines. Because, strange as it may appear, the British motor-cycle industry is one of the few that reign supreme throughout the world; and though Triumphs, A.J.S., Sunbeams, Douglas, and others may win races or produce records abroad, it is only the performances of this character made in England of which the world at large takes serious notice as a factor to increase the sales. Perhaps the few inhabitants of Weybridge who object to the Brooklands track will ponder these things.

Cars and Strikes.

I write these lines when the placards of the newspapers herald an approaching railway strike. Whatever its political



what would happen, should this threatened railway strike take place, if motorists said, "No, we shall strike too and keep our vehicles in our garages, neither fetch your food nor carry your bodies, unless the Government agree to reduce our present horse-power tax to 15s. per h.p. instead of £1." Yet there are quite as many people involved in the payment of that extra 5s. as there are engine men who are proposing to dislocate the railway communications. We are threatened with a new London Traffic Bill, but nobody has ever yet seen a recommendation of the Departmental Committee which has been sitting for the past two years with the idea of, if possible, reducing the incidence of road tax to the unfortunate private owner, who pays proportionally about five times more per ton-mile than the commercial motor vehicle transport proprietors. Possibly now is the time really to strike and get something done for ourselves.

Trade Topics.

Crossley Motors, Ltd., Manchester, manufacturers of the Crossley cars, have been appointed motor-car manufacturers to H.M. the King. This firm already held the appointment to the Prince of Wales, and now the present appointment will be noted with interest by the many admirers of this British car. Sunbeams, by-the-by, have just printed a most wonderful second edition of their catalogue. It is of the same

standard of excellence as the vehicles themselves, whose long line of successful performances, including the winning of the Grand Prix de France last July, leaves little to the imagination. It tells the reader all the necessary points of the construction of the various four-cylinder and six-cylinder Sunbeam cars, and gives admirable illustrations of the vehicles themselves. The chapter dealing with the four-wheel brakes explains why their superiority has been attained, due to their testing in severe road races and over many hundreds of thousands of miles on the road and track. Another wonderful catalogue is that issued by Fiat Motors, Ltd., giving full descriptions of the Fiat touring-car productions, together with illustrations that would tempt anybody to buy one of these high-class vehicles, if only to share their magnificence of outline. It must have been a very expensive production, as the pictures are practically mezzotint engravings, delightful in their softness.



LORD ACTON'S HOUSE PARTY FOR THE SHREWSBURY BALL AND HIS OWN DANCE: A GROUP AT ALDENHAM PARK.

Our photograph shows, from left to right, back row, the Hon. John Acton, Mr. Ulick Verney, and the Earl of Galloway; and, in front, the Hon. Pelline Acton, Miss Yvonne French, the Hon. Marie Acton, and Mr. Richard Herbert.—[Photograph by R. L. Bartlett.]

aspect may be, owners of motor-vehicles are contemplating putting them into greater service for the use of the community, if such a thing is possible. Private motor-carriage owners, however, will have to decide to what extent they will give free lifts from the suburban areas to the Metropolis, and from outlying districts to country towns. During the last railway strike, quite a number of us used to notify that we should be passing certain corners about certain times in the morning, and would take three or four passengers to certain parts of London's city; and that we should be returning also at a certain hour in the evening, and again would be willing to give free transit to the suburban district in which we resided, or to the village outside the country town, as the case might be. Yet I doubt if any one of those people whom various motorists helped to get about from one place to another would lift a little finger to relieve the car-owner from paying the present exorbitant tax of £1 per horse-power for his carriage. I wonder



The Young Idea.

On several occasions I have had the privilege of being present at ceremonies no less impressive than those of children receiving their first lessons at golf. It is a curious fact—and I am told that any professional with experience of very young people as pupils can corroborate this—that the first instinct of the average child is to hold the club with the left hand below the right. What is the explanation? To the individual who is reasonably well acquainted with golf, such a grip looks incongruous and absurd. He finds it difficult to believe that anybody who adopted such a method could possibly learn to hit the ball properly. The first act of the professional—or even so modest an instructor as an eighteen-handicap father—is to nip such a tendency in the bud. The young idea is forbidden to practise it, and is taught one of the recognised grips, so that the inspiration never has a chance of being developed and tested. But why does it assert itself in so many girls and boys?

Unorthodoxy Grown Up.

One brain-wave which occurs to me is that when you take a long-handled broom to sweep up something, you usually hold it with the left hand below the right, but that you do not play a golf shot in the same way as you sweep a room. Perhaps the explanation is that the best way of gripping a golf-club is not a natural way of holding anything at all. It is an art that has to be mastered; it represents the triumph of human skill over nature. Be it said, however, that a few people have been allowed—and have had the courage—to proceed with the left-hand-below-the-right grip of their childhood, and have prospered exceedingly in spite of, or because of, their peculiarity. There used to be two very fine amateur golfers in Glasgow who possessed this trait. One, Mr. J. H. Irons, was among the best players in the West of Scotland. The other, Mr. J. D. Gatheral, won the championship of India on three occasions. Whether they would have fared as well if they had been orthodox is a nice question.

Famous Players Who Reformed.

Old Tom Morris, whose name is part of the very essence of St. Andrews, as the shrine of all golfers, played with the left hand below the right until he was fourteen or fifteen years of age; and so did Arnaud Massy, the famous French golfer. If I remember rightly, George Duncan once told me that he took naturally to this principle in his youth, and had a good deal of trouble to cultivate the orthodox manner of holding the club, as he felt he ought to

do when he decided definitely to make golf his livelihood. It is not much use speculating as to whether these players gained or lost in after life by mastering their natural instincts and bowing to custom in the matter of the grip. Presumably they came to the conclusion that they were not progressing at the rate they desired; and as they all won open championships in their years of maturity they had no reason to regret their conversion to established doctrine.



WINNER OF THE PRESIDENT'S PUTTER: MR. BERNARD DARWIN.

The President's Putter, which is played for yearly at Rye by the members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Societies, is a very interesting relic. It is a wooden putter used by Hugh Kirkaldy when he won the Open Championship in 1891; and whoever wins the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Societies' Tournament affixes his winning ball to it by a silver chain and ring, bearing his name. Mr. Bernard Darwin won it this year by defeating Mr. Bristow.

Photograph by S. and G.

either working against one another or independently of one another, which is clearly bad when the blow has to be delivered with the two hands jointly. And if a full-grown individual, with brain-power suited to his years, does not instinctively hold the club properly, it is hardly logical to expect a child to do so. Here, then, is support for the contention that the grip has to be learnt, and that the best plan is to learn it, no matter how awkward and uncomfortable it seems at the outset, and no matter

By R. Endersby Howard.

Golf Grips: Natural and Cultivated.



how profoundly the pupil believes that his instructor is bigoted in insisting upon certain dispositions of the fingers and thumbs.

Key Positions—and the Rest.

To most people, the overlapping grip unquestionably does seem abominably unnatural and embarrassing. That, I suppose, is why very few amateurs ever cultivate it with the same rigour as the professionals, who have every incentive to perfect themselves at it. One sees overlapping grips in plenty among amateurs of greater or less distinction; but very few of them are of the strictly correct character. That is to say, they are not essentially finger grips, as they are in the case of most of the leading professionals. The right thumb may be resting on the left thumb, with the little finger of the right hand riding on the forefinger of the left—the two features which are often regarded as the be-all and end-all of the principle of overlapping. They are certainly essential; but a study of the players who have achieved the best results with this grip indicates that other details are just as important. For instance, it is possible to observe faithfully the key positions of the thumbs and the two fingers in question and yet to hold the club in the palms of the hands—which is exactly what the method is designed to prevent.

It is something more than possible to do this. It is the general tendency.

Keeping the Palms at Bay.

The backs of the hands have to be turned in only a very slight degree towards the ground—or even to be set at right-angles to the ground—for the club to be held in the palms. And the essence of the overlapping grip is to make it a finger grip. If you will observe the system of the player who has mastered it completely, you will notice that the backs of his hands are, if anything, turned upwards in a very slight degree, as though they wanted to be on top of the shaft rather than under it. Of course, they are neither. They are on each side of it, but their tendency is to incline upwards. Obviously, this is just sufficient to prevent the palms obtaining a hold of the club. If they were under the shaft in only the remotest degree, it would have the elements of a palm grip. That is how one usually sees it.

An Art to Acquire.

Clearly, the first thing and the last thing in this manner of holding the club is to make it a hold which is exercised entirely with the fingers and thumbs. Very likely the palms close in on the club at the impact, but that is involuntary. It is the awkwardness of making the backs of the hands incline slightly upwards that so often causes the overlapping grip to miss fire or to be abandoned altogether. And yet it is certain that some people have mastered it.



THE GOLFER WITH THE NINE-INCH TEE: MAJOR GILLIES PLAYING IN THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SOCIETIES' TOURNAMENT AT RYE.

Major Gillies played in the Oxford and Cambridge Tournament at Rye, and was defeated by Mr. Holderness in the second round. He used his highly original tees of three, five, or nine inches in height, according to the direction of the wind. Over a piece of rounded stick, fitted with a sharp nail for plunging into the ground, he had drawn a piece of rubber tubing which could be graduated to the height of the tee he required.

Photograph by S. and G.



Days for "Ovaltine"

DAYS of sleet and rain; days of warm, muggy weather alternating with periods of icy winds and bitter cold—these are the days which sap the strength and lower the vitality.

These are the days for "Ovaltine." This delicious beverage gives strength and vitality. It restores in fatigue, guards the body against the germs of colds and influenza and fortifies the system against the serious ailments which are so prevalent during the hard, trying times of Winter.

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Two teaspoonfuls in a cupful of hot milk or milk and water make a most appetising and delicious beverage—brimful of the elements which give health and vitality.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. Drink it instead of tea or coffee with your meals and between meals. It is splendid for children, too, building up healthy bodies and promoting sturdy, muscular development. Drink it as a "night-cap" to ensure sound, natural sleep. **Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!**

Sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross St., London, E.C. 1.



Fashions may
Come and
Fashions may Go:
Waved Hair
Remains for Ever.

It is indeed good news that all kinds of hair can be permanently waved by the Stewart method, and that after treatment rain, mist, sea-bathing or sea air can have no adverse effects. Mr. Stewart's London Salons are at 80, New Bond Street, W.



WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.

models remind me irresistibly of the charming Directoire bonnet, with its quaint high crown, small brim, and tuft of plumes at the side or in the centre. Veils are either very short, embroidered with chenille and just covering the eyes, or so long as to bear a distinct resemblance to a scarf. This latter design can be useful as well as ornamental, for people who feel their necks decidedly chilly on opening voluminous fur-coat collars can simply swathe the veil gracefully round the neck and over one shoulder, where it looks exceedingly effective, and also plays the rôle of a light wrap! Tiny brimless hats, closely resembling skull-caps, and turbans fitting the head like a tightly wound scarf, will be the rivals of the cloche for the supremacy of the small, simple hat which nowadays every woman rightly insists shall be included in her wardrobe.

A Boon to the Needlewoman.

I must confess that not so very long ago, being by no means an expert in the art of needlework, the thought of making such delightful undies as those pictured above offered apparently overwhelming difficulties. But there was, I discovered, a simple solution—namely, the use of Cash's frillings, which are obtainable in a wide range of pretty designs. They are light, finely made, and washable, and are provided with a draw-thread which produces immediately a close frill or the merest suggestion of a billow. Their excellent washing qualities make them particularly suitable for trimming children's frocks and underclothes. Effective touches of colour can be supplied by Cash's ribbons, which need not be removed for the laundry, as they will not run or fade, thus saving an immense amount of time and trouble.



These fascinating undies can be quickly made by every needlewoman with the aid of Cash's delightful frillings.

The General Trend of Paris Fashions.

'Vive la simplicité!' is the spring cry of Paris this year, and the great couturiers are busy answering its call by designing simple chemise frocks which rely for effect entirely on their own graceful lines and curves. I rejoice to see that all traces of the normal waist-line have entirely disappeared; silhouettes are discreetly straight to the knee, thence suddenly developing into a deep frill or godet flounce. In the morning, the Parisienne may greet the spring sunshine clad in a simple tube frock of blue serge bordered with shiny, shoe-polish braid, whose sole decoration is a flat frill composed of row upon row of the same braid slanting from the left hip. Another straight frock shows the innovation of tiny chemise sleeves; and a third achieves distinction by betraying the Russian influence in its long, tight tunic, slightly pouched in front, merging unexpectedly into myriads of tiny knife-pleats below the knee. Evening frocks follow the same traditions with but slight variations. A *chef-d'œuvre* of misty blue satin embroidered with gold develops four godets which lengthen into trains; and the bustle bow, appearing chiefly at the sides, is introduced in many clinging gowns expressed in the beautiful metal shot moirés which need no ornaments to enhance their lovely colourings.

Hats are Less Simple.

If frocks are to be simpler, however, the line of the hat tends rather in the other direction. The cloche, if it exists at all this season, will boast a brim rolled back from the face, and hanging streamers of ribbons or feathers; but the predominant feature will be the high-crowned silhouette. Crowns are growing rapidly, and several of the most chic



The soft pink-and-white petals of apple-blossom are not more lovely than the delicate complexion attained by the use of Lait La-rola.

Whether an expert or an amateur, every woman will find herself a surprisingly successful needlewoman with the aid of these fascinating frillings. An application for a free booklet of patterns should be addressed to J. and J. Cash, Coventry, who will be pleased to send it to all who mention the name of this paper.

The Care of the Complexion.

Even the most youthful complexion needs careful mothering in order that it may suffer no ill-effects from the constant changes of weather to which we are subjected. A soothing emollient such as Lait La-rola, used regularly each night on the face and hands, will keep the skin soft and fresh, despite exposure to Swiss mountain air or keen winds on the links; and a supply of this soothing and fragrant preparation should be included on every toilet-table. Obtainable from all chemists, it is available for the modest sum of 1s. 6d. per bottle.

Earlywarm Blankets.

During the next few months, although the days will (we hope) gradually remind us that summer is not so very far away, the nights invariably seem to slip back into winter's régime, with decidedly chilly consequences. It is not at all irrelevant, therefore, to sing the praises of those delightful Earlywarm blankets, manufactured by Early's of Witney. They are fashioned of pure wool, are luxuriously warm, and yet carry no burden of heaviness. Earlywarm blankets are obtainable everywhere to-day, and I advise chilly people to lose no time in making their acquaintance.

[Continued overleaf.]



Olive Hemmings.

Perfect comfort, whatever the temperature, is assured to every fortunate possessor of Earlywarm blankets, which quickly fulfil the promise of their name.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

The Belvoir Raincoat. In a very few weeks the country will begin to put on a spring-like air, and the fortunate people who are not compelled to spend their days in town will be enjoying



A practical wrap for spring days in the country is this tailor-made rainproof coat, christened the "Belvoir," by Elvery's, Conduit Street.

long rambles and continual rounds of golf. But spring weather can prove inconveniently versatile, and the sports enthusiast who likes to face it unconcernedly should seek the companionship of the neat tailor-made rainproof wrap sketched on this page. Sponsored by Elvery's, of 31, Conduit Street, W., it is built of real West of England covert coating, and is made in lovats, browns, and greys, plain or with a soft overcheck. It is half-lined with rainproof silk, and the coat undergoes three waterproofing processes. It will last indefinitely, and can be cleaned and reproofed for a very moderate sum. During their sale, which continues until the end of this month, Elvery's are offering this invaluable wrap at the very special price of 98s. 6d., obtainable in all sizes. Residents in the country or abroad need only send height and bust measurements to ensure receiving a perfectly fitting coat. By the way, this firm's famous featherweight silk mackintoshes are still available for 3 guineas, and the stormproof coats in a belted design for 35s. 6d., until the end of January.

An Interesting Lecture. "The Preservation of Youth as Applied to the Face and Neck" is the subject of a lecture which will prove intensely interesting to all women. It is to be given at the Unique Club, 99, Lancaster Gate, S.W., on Thursday, Jan. 31, at 3.30,

by Mme. Elizabeth Eve, the well-known originator of restful facial exercises which quickly banish any disfiguring marks of time. All readers are cordially invited to attend; and those wishing to know something of the subject beforehand should call or write for a free booklet at 55, Berners Street, W.

Homespun for Sports Wear.

Everyone will agree that there is nothing really to surpass hand-made homespun for sports or country wear, as this material, made in the cottage homes of our northern islanders, where the craft has been handed down for many generations, withstands any amount of hard wear and exposure to the fiercest weather. All who are interested in the subject, therefore, should note that Rimmel and Allsop, of 54, New Bond Street, W., the well-known specialists in the tailoring of sports and country suits, are displaying a wonderful range of the finest of native homespuns, and will gladly send a selection of patterns and prices on application.

When Splashing are of No Importance.

We have most of us experienced the extreme annoyance of being splashed with mud from head to foot by a passing car, and it seems hardly necessary to draw attention to the fact that Stevenson Brothers, of Dundee, are veritable magicians in the art of causing all traces of the disaster to disappear by their expert dyeing and cleaning. Furthermore, they are the originators of the Mac-

Siccar Waterproofing System, whereby any garment can be rendered absolutely impermeable without adding to its weight or hindering the ventilation in any way. Needless to say, for all sports clothes this process is invaluable. Golf jackets can be cleaned and waterproofed for the modest sum of 7s. 6d., and whole costumes from 12s. 6d. Full particulars can be obtained from Dundee or from the London branches at 88, Tottenham Court Road, W., and 326, West End Lane, Finchley Road, N.W.

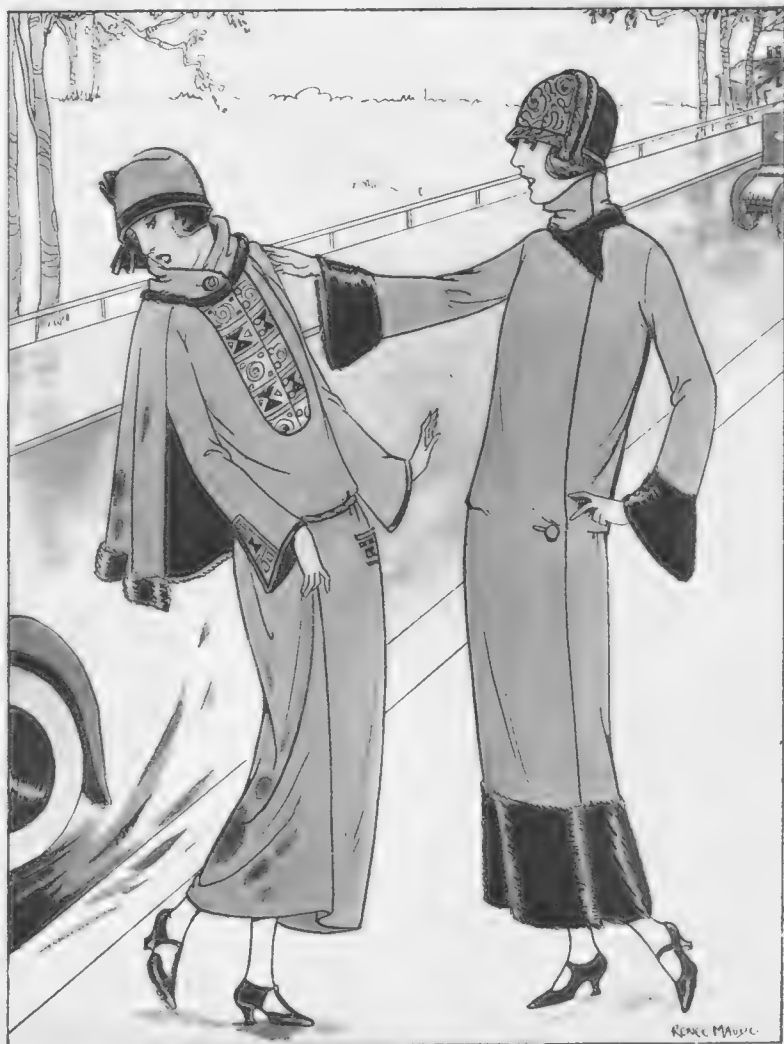
Waterproof Shoes for Sports Enthusiasts.

However keen the rivalry between winter sports, golf and shooting enthusiasts, they are unanimous on one point—the importance of choosing with the utmost care their sports shoes and boots. Everyone will welcome with enthusiasm, therefore, the Lotus Veldtschoen waterproof shoes, which are built with double uppers, the top layer, of Zug leather, turning

outwards at the point of juncture with the sole, thus forming a water-shedding surface. This excellent shoe was originally invented for golfers, and an illustrated booklet explaining exactly how the shoes are constructed will be sent to all readers on application to Lotus, Ltd., Stafford. The same principles of effective waterproofing, however, have now been applied with equal success to boots designed for ski-ing and shooting.

Free Consultations.

To me it is quite inexplicable that so many women resign themselves to bear the affliction of superfluous hair on the face or arms, although they are acutely sensitive of the disfigurement. It seems an entirely unnecessary penance in these modern days, when skilled specialists find in science a cure for all Nature's careless blunders. Therefore, attention must be drawn to the Solray treatment for superfluous hair. Mrs. Helen Craig, the Solray authority, declares that it is not electrolysis, nor a depilatory, but a simple and effective method which permanently removes every unwanted hair. She will be pleased to give free consultations to all readers at 15, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W., when individual needs will be carefully studied and the best and quickest cure prescribed. Residents in the country who are unable to pay a preliminary visit should write to Mrs. Helen Craig, and ascertain full details of the treatment. They can then see for themselves the efficacy of this method and arrange an appointment at the Solray Salons. Consequently, there is really no excuse for suffering this disability to continue.



There is no need to worry over a tragedy of this description. It can be easily remedied with the help of Stevenson Brothers, of Dundee, who perform veritable miracles of dyeing and cleaning.

1822

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To His Majesty the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales



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IN THE WORLD.

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Sizes 6½ to 7½.

Price 29/6

A selection
of Hats will
be forwarded
upon request.

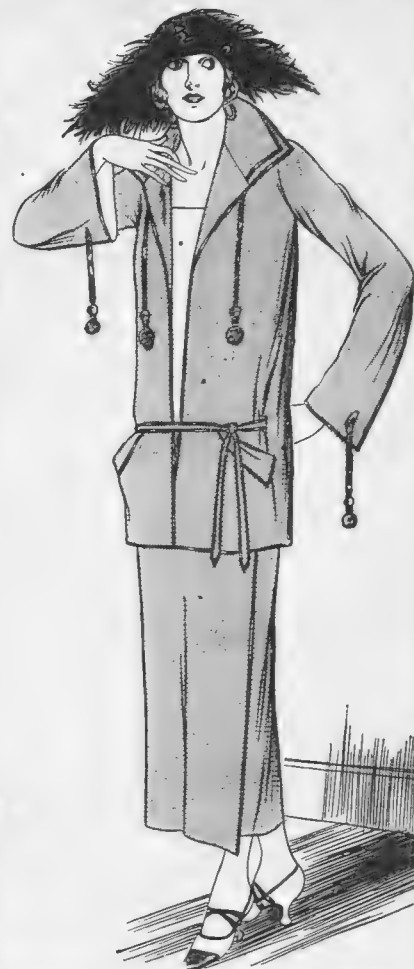
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ATTRACTIVE TAILOR SUIT in fine quality repp, coat cut with straight-hanging back and fronts which can be worn open or closed, becomingly braided and finished with belt and tie of braid and ball ornaments; well cut wrap skirt, bound with braid to match coat. In navy, and black, and a good range of spring colours.

PRICE
8½ Gns.

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Further Reductions in Lingerie, Children's Frocks, Baby-linen.

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A large Stock of REAL FLEMISH, FILET, CLUNY and IRISH LACE will be marked at great reductions to clear, for Lingerie and Dresses.

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Remnants of good Imitation Laces, 2/6 to 35/-.

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Remnants and
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A New Musical Comedy
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Music by Tchaikowsky. Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Tues. and Sat., 2.15. (Ger. 2780)
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PERFECTLY. PRICE LIST.—88, PIMLICO ROAD, S.W.1. Phone Victoria 7100.

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In pure silk georgette, in pink, sky, ivory, coral, mauve, lemon, and green.

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That is why most wicker chairs are barred. They interrupt your thoughts, some even protest when you breathe deeply. Hence the popularity of the Minty Chair. Framed with tightly lashed wicker, it is a thing of complete silence and absolute comfort.

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But, principally, it is admired for its graceful outline, its long, low seat, that holds the body in lines that mean utter abandon. Its picture shows a fine piece of furniture. You can have the wicker enamelled any colour; the upholstery can be chosen from plain, striped, and patterned fabrics to suit the rest of the room.

In five different sizes
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heights.

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According to length of seat.

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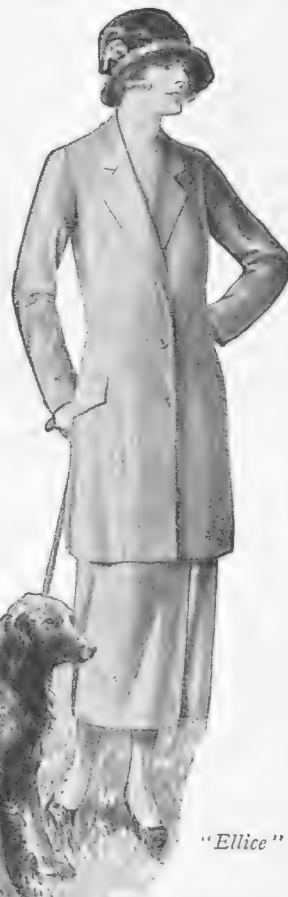
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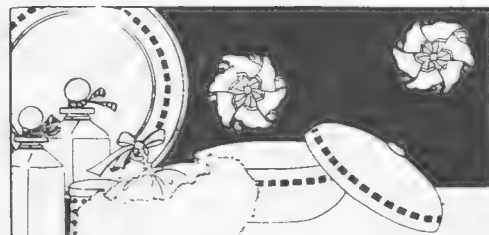
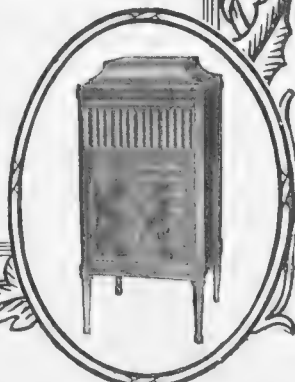
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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXXII.

"THE New Laws of Auction" are now published, and can be obtained from De La Rue in book form, price 2s. 6d. The more important alterations are those affecting the revoke penalty. If the declarer revokes, his adversaries score 100 points above the line instead of 150 points. When one of the adversaries revokes, declarer may either score 100 points above the line or take three tricks from his opponents and add them to his own. For each subsequent revoke the only penalty for both sides is 100 points above the line. This is coming nearer to the American revoke penalty, which is 50 points above the line or taking away two tricks from opponents—all of which may be an improvement or it may not. The revoke penalty from one point of view is too severe, but from another, and under certain circumstances, is not nearly severe enough.

A new penalty of 50 points above the line has been imposed for looking at the last trick. I don't like this penalty at all. The laws have always forbidden the looking at the last trick when once it has been turned and quitted, but there was no penalty attached. Nor do I see exactly how the penalty is going to be inflicted—that is, without a deal of unpleasantness and hard words. The law, in fact, to my way of thinking, should be a law of etiquette, as which it would be universally respected, albeit it beats me why the last trick should not be looked at. I know it became a habit among certain players to look at this last trick, and so was a nuisance; but still, it was always allowed at whist, and what was good enough for whist surely is good enough for bridge. However, Dalton considers this an excellent penalty; I don't—which is but another example of how opinions will differ at bridge, even on minor points.

It is now a rule of the game that in cutting for partners the cards have their suit values—

clubs lowest, spades highest. This is satisfactory, for, although the rule has been in force for some time now in certain circles, it was not universally applied; and now that it is in the book it will save a vast amount of argument and waste of time.

A particular and important addition to the laws is that relating to under-calls. To start with, illegal declarations are clearly defined—a point that was never very clear under Rule 51; while the penalty for under-calling is entirely different. When an under-call occurs, the player on the offender's left has the option of raising the under-call to the correct number of tricks, can re-bid the old bid; or can insist on the old bid standing, and that automatically closes the bidding. Thus a player bids three spades, and his opponent bids four clubs, which is an under-call. The next player—i.e., the player on the left—can now elect that the hand shall be played at the three-spade call, and that is the end of the bidding.

This is an undoubted improvement, as under-calling, although unintentional, could not help giving undue information; and this, when the bidding was re-opened, it was practically impossible not to make use of. The law, however, will come hard on the careless caller or the poor arithmetician; and, frankly, it is not so easy to tot up the number of clubs or diamonds it takes to over-call, say, four spades. I suggest that players who find the sum confusing should bid not a definite number in the suit, but should say, "The requisite number of clubs or diamonds," and allow somebody else to do the addition for them. There is nothing illegal in such a call, so far as I am aware.

A very useful new rule is that a player can insist on the rubber terminating at any time, if a substitute cannot be found. The rubber shall end and the score be added up and agreed with 125 points for a game won. This will put a stopper to that interminable last rubber that so often takes place, especially

when one of the players is in a hurry to catch a train. In fact, to put it in an Irish way, it will allow of a last rubber being played.

Another new rule is that, when no money passes as the result of a rubber, all bets are off. This is hardly worthy of a position under the standard laws; it belongs more to the laws of etiquette or of custom.

I wish the multiple count had been introduced this time, but I know the Portland is dead against it. Personally, I cannot understand their view; equality in all suits for bidding purposes must be to the benefit of the game. But there it is; the authorities do not think so, and that settles it.

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 12.

SPADES—Q.		
HEARTS—Kn, 10, 2.		
CLUBS—None.		
DIAMONDS—K, 5, 4, 3.		
B		
SPADES—None.		SPADES—10, 8, 6, 2.
HEARTS—Q, 8.	Y	HEARTS—7, 6, 5, 4.
CLUBS—Kn, 10.		CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—Q, 9, 8, 7.	Z	DIAMONDS—None.
A		
SPADES—Kn, 9.		
HEARTS—A, K, 9, 3.		
CLUBS—6.		
DIAMONDS—Kn.		

No-trumps. A to lead and make seven tricks.

I have to apologise for a slight error in the setting of this problem. It should have been a heart hand, not a no-trumper. At no-trumps it admits of two solutions—the lead of a spade and winning with the queen in B's hand, or the lead of hearts and discarding the queen of spades. With hearts as trumps, these must be led at once, and the queen of spades thrown on the fourth round.

A leads out his high hearts and plays B's knave and 10. Z must win the fourth round

(Continued overleaf.)

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY for ALL ARTISTS

The SKETCH Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design

LAST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of THE SKETCH, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours; as is the design on the cover of this issue of THE SKETCH. The designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.

Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of THE SKETCH—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand; London, W.C. 2—by not later than the first post on March 10, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of THE SKETCH.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of or damage to any design submitted.

N.B.—OWING TO MANY REQUESTS AND TO ENABLE COMPETITORS TO OBTAIN THE BEST RESULTS, WE HAVE EXTENDED THE TIME OF SENDING IN TO MARCH 10th NEXT.



Miss Dorothy Fane.

Miss Winnie Melville.

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Continued.]

and lead a spade. To these tricks Y will be put to such discards that AB win either a trick in clubs or two tricks in diamonds, so that the only trick YZ make is that in hearts.

Correct solutions received from: "Ballynure," Colonel R. F. Godfrey, "Godfather," E. Tottenham, John Shand, G. B. McCormick, M. G. F., A. H. French, A. Owen Shwaffield, "Wayside," W. B. Keeling, J. Vernon Wall, H. Burrow, (Mrs.) Charles Stephens, "Muineabeg," E. I. Findlay, A. T. de Saumarez, A. Noble, Edgar Middleton, L. J. Shrubsole, Leo Klin, C. Ellis, J. H. Wharton.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HANKEY.—The solution is correct. B wins trick 1, and leads a club; Z must cover, and A ruffs, and puts B in again by trumping another spade. B repeats the club dose and establishes his 10, 9, and regains the lead again by ruffing spades; A then discards his two diamonds on the clubs, so the only trick YZ make is the ace of trumps. Of course, had A led trumps after winning trick 1, he would have lost two diamond tricks—but then no decent player would have done that.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

"THE MAN WITHOUT DESIRE."

(NOVELLO. ATLAS RENTERS, LTD.)

THERE can be no doubt about it, now that British film-makers have put their shoulder to the wheel, determined to compete with the American "super-films," they have gone forward by leaps and bounds. Both in the fields of producing and of acting they have developed an artistic perception of the possibilities of the screen and an equally artistic restraint. No more beautiful setting, no greater accuracy of detail could be demanded than that of "The Man Without Desire," yet the producer,

Adrian Brunel, has never lost sight of the fact that the plot and its interpretation are the things that matter. Mr. Frank Powell has based his scenario on a story by Monckton Hoffer. The tale concerns a young exquisite of Venice, who in the year 1723 lived and loved, and would have died for love had not his friend, an English scientist, persuaded him to aid him in his supreme experiment—the eternal prolongation of life. So Vittorio, desirous only of forgetfulness, submits to the test; and two hundred years later, four grave gentlemen, one a descendant of the scientist, read the amazing story from a dusty parchment deposited in a London bank. They proceed to Venice, and there penetrate to Vittorio's resting-place. The miracle occurs, the eighteenth-century lover is recalled to life, but not, alas! to love. For nature has exacted a price—Vittorio has awakened to an existence without desire. He marries the descendant of his beloved Leonora, yet knows no happiness, nor is able to give any. For once neither author nor producer has shirked the tragic ending; Vittorio, realising that he has outlived his allotted span, seeks release by means of a deadly poison. But, as though the soul freed from the flesh that has lived too long regains its strength in death, Vittorio's last kiss on the lips of his wife is one of passionate love. You will certainly carry away from the film the picture of romantic Venice of the early eighteenth century, most delightfully reconstructed, with its masks and intrigues; a picture of a period when people of fashion dressed up their dwarfs instead of their dolls, and went to the devil with a flourish. You will probably reflect, by the way, that humanity has not changed very much, except that we leave out the flourish, as Vittorio discovered when he was forced to don a Homburg hat. We are, fortunately, spared his dismay when he first encountered a pair of trousers! But his tussle with a collar and tie and his introduction to a cigarette (which happily agrees

with him) lead to some pretty touches of comedy. Mr. Ivor Novello's impersonation of this gallant young gentleman who sought twice for love and met death twice is not only the best thing he has done for the screen, but is a very fine and sensitive piece of acting, alike in its lighter and its tragic phases. Miss Nina Vanna—a newcomer, I believe, to the screen—supplied a most tender and lovely portrait of the ill-fated heroine.

THE RADIUM THIEVES.

(Continued from page 173.)

except exactly in the way in which I fell into it. They knew I would see through it—they counted on my seeing through it. This explains all—the ease with which they surrendered Halliday—everything. Madame Olivier was the ruling spirit—Vera Rossakoff only her lieutenant. Madame needed Halliday's ideas—she herself had the necessary genius to supply the gaps that perplexed him. Yes, Hastings, we know now who Number Three is—the woman who is probably the greatest scientist in the world! Think of it. The brain of the East, the science of the West—and two others whose identities we do not yet know. But we must find out. To-morrow we will return to London and set about it."

"You are not going to denounce Madame Olivier to the police?"

"I should not be believed. That woman is one of the idols of France. And we can prove nothing. We are lucky if she does not denounce us."

"What?"

"Think of it. We are found at night upon the premises with keys in our possession which she will swear she never gave us. She surprises us at the safe, and we gag and bind her and make away. Have no illusions, Hastings. The boot is not upon the right leg—is that how you say it?"

[THE END.]

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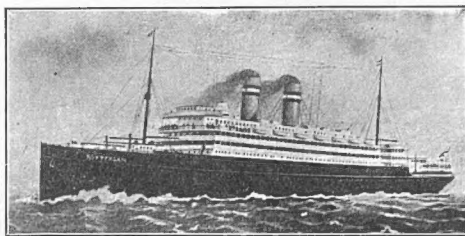
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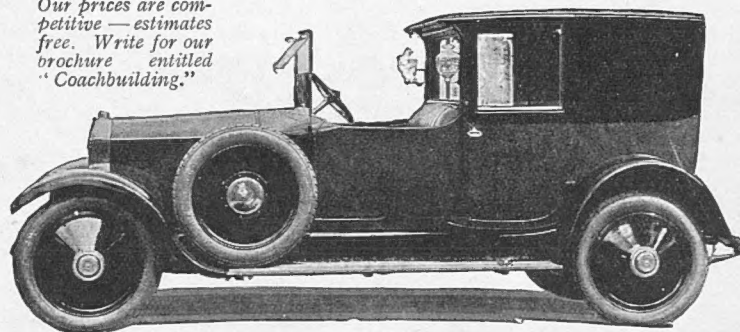
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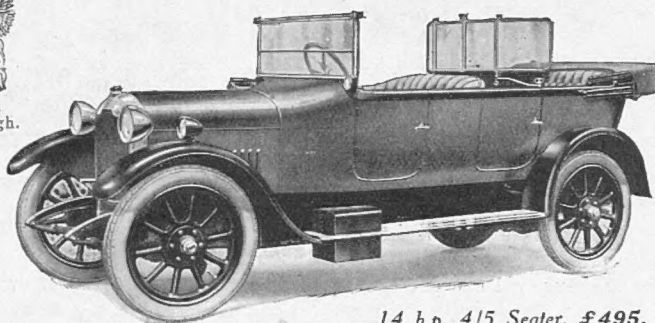
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